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THE

CAPTIVES

AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY

MRS. P. FARMER.

LAPORTE, IND.,

PRINTED BY MILLIKAN & HOLMES.

1856.

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DEDICATION.

—

TO E. S. S. ROUSE:

—

DEAR SIR:—It is a source of gratification that I am permitted to dedicate to you this little Volume, as a slight memorial of the gratitude I feel for the kindness and consideration shown me by you. A kindness which I deeply appreciate—the more so for coming from a friend I have never seen—whose motives could have been none but the truest and best—who has proven that disinterested friendship is a virtue that may be found on this earth, and by the present generation.

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

Go forth, first offspring of my plodding brain!
Go, seek for sympathy in every heart!
And may thy humble prayer be not in vain;
May no rude stoic bid thee to depart.

My rustic Muse, with stiffened sails unfurled,
Ventures far out on life's uncertain sea;
To hold communion with the busy world,
Trusting her voice may not unheeded be.

Though there may be some harshness in the tone,
Be lenient, turn not in scorn away.
If thou hast sung, compare it with thine own,
When first thy harp awoke its minstrelsy.

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If lofty flights, 'mid fancy's airy maze,
Alone can charm thy o'er fastidious ear,
Or polished sentence in high sounding phrase,
Lay down the book; you will not find them here.

If plain, blunt thoughts, up-welling from the heart,
And modest nature's unaffected strain,
With simple truths, some pleasure can impart,
My humble lyre has not been strung in vain.

Nature has formed me in her rougher mould,
In rugged rhyme her sterner truths to sing;
Life's earnest hopes by sober facts controll'd,
Clips the light tips of fancy's golden wing.

My yearning spirit bruised against the bars
Which hold it, fate-bound, to its narrow life,
Loves the smooth lay, but cannot hide the scars,
And the torn pennon of misfortune's strife.

But I would not disarm the critic clan,
With abject fawning, nor mean bribery;
But have them measure, sift, compare and scan:
Lay bare each fault—each inconsistency.

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THE INVOCATION.

Spirit of Poesy! my Muse inspire [sing,
With glowing thoughts each new-born theme to
O! breathe into my soul thy genius' fire,
And o'er my harp thy inspiration fling.

Now groveling in this vale of toil and care,
I look above and view Parnassus' fame,
And crave thine aid, my untaught muse to bear
To that fair height where sit the minstrel train.

Lend; lend thy wings! and let me upward soar,
Where dwelt the sacred Nine of old, and sung,
My restless spirit's eager to explore [sprung.
The harp-strung caves from whence the Muses

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A humble suppliant; O, let me kneel,
Spirit of Poesy! Sweet child of light!
Till my rapt soul thy Heavenly presence feels,
My tardy brain grows giddy with delight.

I covet not the bays of fame to twine
My humble brow; but I would live apart
From this great world, my spirit wed to thine,
And feel the bliss thy presence would impart.

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THE CAPTIVES.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

When Reovlution's death notes broke
  On fair Columbia's startled ear,
From north to south each patriot woke,
Who scorned alike the tyrant's yoke,
  And man-debasing fear.
Then wake! proud Freedom's sacred lyre!
  Tho' rustic hands thy notes prolong;
Awake! let Brandywine inspire,
Camden and Monmouth add their fire
  To patriotic song!

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At Lexington, began the fight,
Which rested not on Bunker's height;
But through the trackless wilds, afar,
Rushed madly on the tide of war,
Till swords glanced back the sun's bright beam,
Far up the northern barrier stream,
And rose the battle cry amain,
Along the borders of Champlain;
Then westward rolled the swelling tide,
And field and plain in purple dyed,
As the bold Eagle held at bay,
The Lion, crouching for his prey,
Till maddened with the purple stream,
With whetted beak and boding scream,
He clove the forest-monarch's crest,
And deeper dyed his scarlet vest;
Cowpen and Eutaw saw his might,
Subdued and conquered in the fight,
And humbled in his kingly pride,
At Yorktown struggled, groaned, and died.

Sweet liberty! it was for thee
Red flow'd the river to the sea;
For thee, the closest ties were riven,
For thee our choicest blood was given;
The youth went forth at thy command,
The father's blade was in his hand;
Where waved the stars and stripes on high,

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Freedom or death, the battle cry;
And Spartan like, on field and flood,
Proud Britain's warlike host withstood,
That tyranny had sent to kill,
Or bend them to his stubborn will;
And many a hero's dying bed
Was on the field with carnage red,
Where foemen rested side by side,
And swelled alike the purple tide;
Tho' not alike, the cause which bade
Each foeman bare his battle blade,
For Freedom, this, his life had given,
That sweetest boon to man, from Heaven;
While that, for worldly honors fought,
A worthless meed, and dearly bought.
Yes, liberty! for thy sweet smile
Each homestead swelled the funeral pile,
Met death by famine, sword and fire,
Yet shrank they not, nor son, nor sire,
Until Columbia's soil was free
From foreign tax and tyranny.

Where granite hills majestic rear
Their crests, along the north frontier,—
Where silver-fir, and cedar trees,
Wave plume and pennon in the breeze,
The white man's lowly cot arose,
Tho' oft assailed by Indian foes,

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But not in fair and open fight,
As Christian nations prove their might,
Were seen the battle axe and brand,
Grasped in the dark and blood-stained hand,
As there the prowling, savage hordes,
With Britain leagued, by wily words,
In ambush lurking lay.
Not right, primeval, to maintain,
But for the sordid hope of gain,
They sought defenseless prey.

The sun had cast his parting beam
Upon Connecticut's clear stream;
The youthful crescent sank to rest,
Upon the bosom of the west;
The twinkling stars, in bright array,
Danced lightly on their milky way;
The wild beast slumbered in his lair,
The fire-fly sparkled in the air,
The dew lay glist'ning on the flowers,
The birds were perched in sylvan bowers,
And nature sunk in deep repose,
Save when the night-bird's screech arose,
Or the low murmur of the breeze
Swept lightly through the forest trees;
The cottagers in dreams were lost,
The watch-dog slumbered at his post,
Save now and then, he looked around,

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As if his ear had caught a sound,
Then 'tween his ample, outstretched paws,
He dropped again his ponderous jaws,
As if he deemed the cause too slight,
To break the slumbers of the night.

A loud, shrill, war-whoop rends the air,
As if a thousand fiends were there,
Each striving in a lengthened shout,
To be the leader of the rout.
The cottagers spring from their couch,
And snatch the musket, horn, and pouch;
Their night assailants well they know,
And seek no quarters from the foe,
But in a fierce and bloody strife,
Each man prepares to sell his life.

The cottagers each ingress close
Against the fury of their foes,
And at some crevice take their post,
To charge upon the warlike host,
In hopes to keep the clan at bay
Until the dawning of the day;
Or till the signal gun should bear
Their danger to some friendly ear,
Fast fall the foe beneath their fire,
More fearful rose the savage ire,
One long, fierce, wild, terrific yell.

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Went madly leaping down the dell,
As from behind each rock and tree,
Sprung forth the hidden enemy.

Despair is in each look and word,
As nearer press the savage horde,
And 'gainst the barricaded door,
The fury of their battery pour.
Bright gleams the blazing torch on high,
And pale red flames shoot up the sky,
Which, flinging wide their lurid light,
The awful carnage of the night,
In gory heaps disclose.
Now wildly mingled screams arise,
Of woman's wail and children's cries,
With dying groans, which rend the skies.
And shouts of maddened foes;
As close they in a deadly strife,
And gleams on high, the fatal knife,
Which tears the reeking scalp away,
Thus ending the unequal fray.

Such were the allies, Albion,
That bribes to thy foul cause had won;
Such tools thy tyrant will had sought,
And with thine honor basely bought.
Ah! well may Britain blush to know,
That royalty has stooped so low,

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Her honor hath so dark a stain,
By such a deed and such a name;
That one so nobly born could bow
At Mammon's shrine, his kingly brow,
And in his blind idolatry
Rob half the earth of liberty.

Within a copse-wood, dark and low,
Still lurked the dreaded Indian foe;
And to their belts of wampum gay,
Hung trophies of the recent fray;
Long at their council fires they sate;
Foreboded evil, their debate;
So many of their comrades lost,
Their booty ill repaid the cost.
Their civil foe in wild dismay,
Appear en masse, in war's array,
Their plans discuss and single out,
Their best and bravest for a scout,
Upon the red man's trail to go,
And wreak their vengeance on the foe.

Along the river's eastern side,
Through forests stretching far and wide,
The wary scout their course pursue,
With hopes elate, and muskets true;
Oft, with bent ear, they listening stand,
With searching eye and ready hand,

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As loud the squirrel chatters near,
Or startled, flies the timid deer,
Until the cause they ascertain,
Then onward, silent, move again.
One slight misstep, full well they know,
May chance to rouse the lurking foe.

In vain they seek the red man's trail,
In dark ravine, on hill and dale;
Till doubtful that their way is wrong,
They move less cautiously along;
A dubious chase abates their zeal,
While hunger and fatigue they feel,
And seek the covert of a ledge,
Close down upon the water's edge,
A slight repast to take,
And in the cool, transparent wave,
Their weary, toil-worn limbs to lave,
Their burning thirst to slake.
Their early caution quite forgot,
They careless linger near the spot,
And while in youthful sports away,
The few brief hours of fading day,
Till on the distant hills they spy,
And on the trees and river nigh,
A deep, rich tinge, of gold and light,
Chequered with shadows of the night.

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Beyond the stream, a narrow cave,
Dark frowned above the rippling wave;
Its bold and flinty brow to screen,
The ivy lent a veil of green;
The oak and laurel proudly wove
A fitting coronet above,
With here and there a nodding plume,
Of silver-fir and mountain broom,
Close crouched within that cavern dim,
Are dark brow'd warriors, painted grim,
Their crests adorned with plumage gay,
Plucked from rapacious birds of prey;
A fiendish smile lurks in each eye,
  Mingled with vengeance dark:
As day light's fading from the sky,
  They silently embark.
Within a light canoe that lay
Close moored, within a sheltered bay,
And swiftly o'er the water bore,
With steady sweep and muffled oar.

Beneath a clump of evergreens,
  The soldier's couch is spread;
Through which the moonlight faintly streams,
  O'er his unguarded bed.
And gentle zephyrs softly sigh,
Through harp-strung pines, a lullaby,
Bright forms their watchful vigils keep,

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The visitants of peaceful sleep;
Perchance a maiden's dark eye-beams
Upon a lover's happy dreams,
The lisping voice, or wife's fond smile,
The father's dreamy hours beguile,
As sank to rest the wearied scout,
Unconscious of their coming fates:—
Each foe his man now singled out,
For deeper darkness, cowering waits;
While Nature, weeping tears of grief,
Upon the trembling aspen leaf,
Slowly and silently let fall,
Above the earth, her sable pall.

A gauzy veil, of sombre hue,
Had shut the starry heavens from view,
And midnight with a solemn mien,
Held o'er the earth its silent reign;
When, noiseless as the panther's step,
The foe upon their victims crept,
And with a yell, so wild and deep,
Startled the dreamers from their sleep,
It seemed a thunderbolt from heaven,
At once the earth and sky had riven;
And ere the scout have drawn a blade,
An iron grasp is on them laid.

As in his darkest, fiercest mood,

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The storm-god rolls his inky cloud,
With brazen frontlet reared on high,
Flashing his vengeance on the sky,
And mid the dark'ning mass afar,
Growls deep and low his thunder car,
Thus seemed each painted visage now,
Thus darkly frowned each savage brow,
Thus flash each eye with vengeance dire,
While curses deep, reveal their ire
Which in the breast doth hush the sigh,
Force back the tear-drops from the eye,
That, gushing from the fount below,
Congeals upon each marble brow.

'Tis not alone, the fear of death,
Which pales the cheek and chokes the breath;
But youthful hope and buoyancy
May shrink from dread captivity;
And wherefore are they led along,
Their arms fast pinioned with the thong?
Still holding onward day by day,
Past northern lakes their toilsome way,
Now borne o'er torrents wild and deep,
Now up their rugged margins keep,
With fainting steps now toiling slow,
O'er mountains white with early snow,
Adown their narrow, deep defiles,
Where not a ray of sunlight smiles,

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And save the savage and the brute,
Had never trod a living foot.

O, dread suspense, thou living death!
Thou incubus of every breath!
How two-fold seems thy bitter curse,
When drooping hearts may not converse!
When each pent thought within the breast,
Forbids the panting spirit rest!
The captives feel thy crushing load,
Yet dare not trust inquiring word,
But sad and silent bear the weight,
For on them rests an eye of hate,
A gaze so deeply charged with ire,
It seemed to melt in liquid fire,
Blighting each hope, that faintly rose,
Of mercy from their hireling foes.

Far to the north St. Lawrence tide
Flows onward in majestic pride;
A barrier which dame nature chose
To thrust between two mighty foes;
Holding the Lion on the north,
The Eagle hovering on the south;
Beyond the river, deep and wide,
Its outmost walls washed with the tide,
A rude old fort, its form appears,
Covered with moss of many years;

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Upon the ramparts, full in view,
Are soldiers clad in scarlet hue;
And on its banner's ample fold,
Is wrought the British Lion bold;
A light barque skims the curling waves,
And bears the forms of warrior "braves,"
Who proudly at their belts display
The trophies of the bloody fray;
With saddened brow and drooping heart,
The toil-worn scout are grouped apart:
Their long and weary marches o'er,
Imprisoned on Arcadia's shore,
Long months they must remain,
And in their prison's narrow bounds,
Each day stride on the self-same rounds,
And drag the captives' chain;
And feel their youthful limbs grow old,
From prison damps and piercing cold;
Their spirits flag from day to day,
Health, strength, and energy give way,
And nature's cravings oft repine,
O'er the scant meal on which they dine.

A youth of high and generous soul,
Whose spirit ill would brook control,
That captive band contains;
Fond of adventure, ardent, wild,
Dame nature's most devoted child,

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How galling are his chains!
Young Carey sighed, once more to be,
Amid his native valleys free,
Unfettered as the antler'd stag,
That lightly bounds from crag to crag,
Or the bold eagle's heavenward flight,
Spurning the cloud cap's towering height;
For low he bent at Freedom's shrine,
Worshiped the "heavenly maid divine,"
But O, forgive, if there should be
Another maid as fair as she,
On whom his thoughts were wont to dwell,
The guardian angel of his cell,
Whose magic presence seemed to chase
More fleet, time's slow and laggard pace.
But ah! the very thought which sped
Time's foot-steps with a fleeter tread,
Seems driving from his maddening brain,
The memory it would fain retain.

Once, when his heart grew desolate,
He sought his window's narrow grate;
When borne upon the winter's gale,
There came a low and plaintive wail;
A maiden's wail, such utter woe,
Seemed in the thrilling notes to flow,
A spell enwrapped his soul and brain,
While listening to this mournful strain:—

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"No more do I hear the hunter's horn,
Sounding all merrily;
Of its bright green plumage now is shorn,
The dear old trysting tree.
The woodlands and bowers
Have cast their flowers,
All, all are fading from me.

From the icy north, comes the chilling blast,
O'er mountain, hill and dale;
It grates on mine ear, as it hurries past,
Like a low, sad funeral wail.
O'er the flowrets dead,
A mantle is spread,
Of glistening snow-flakes pale.

Dark are the shadows that lay on my heart,
Blighted is hope in my breast,
Like the bright young flowers, I fain would depart
To the home where the soul finds rest.
Oh why do I stay,
When the thoughts are away,
Away in the land of the blest?"

As the last beams of closing day,
In mellow twilight melt away,
So passed the music's mournful swell,
A sigh dissolved the magic spell,

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Then starting, as if from a trance,
And casting round inquiring glance,
He up and down his drear abode,
In sullen silence fiercely strode;
Then stopping short, he smote the air,
As if his foes were marshaled there.
"Ha! think'st thou thus to keep me here,
When yon deep snow-drifts disappear?"
(He thus in self communion spake,)
"No, gentle maiden, for thy sake,
These prison bars mine arm will break;
Yon mountain ridge so wild and steep,
Shall yield a pathway for my feet;
I'll feed on hope, till all is gone,
Then if my goal shall not be won,
Far sweeter it will be to die,
In freedom neath the dark blue sky,
And know, when dying, that I gave
My life, Maria, thine to save!"

Spring's vegetation had begun,
Beneath a genial April sun;
The buds were bursting green and bright,
The wild goose northward winged her flight,
The melting snow had swollen the rills,
That leaped in torrents down the hills,
The icy bridge had passed away,
That on the noble river lay,

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And Carey now prepares to test
The schemes that long had filled his breast.

One man, of all his comrades, there
Alone, was pledged his toils to share,
Who dared the trackless forest wild,
Again to meet his wife and child.
Cook's form was slight, but in his eye,
Lurked a determined energy:
His visage strongly marked, exprest
A will to do, a soul to test;
But on his broad and open brow,
Are deepest lines engraven now;
Tho' not by time's rude finger wrought,
But graved by bitterness of thought.

Behind a veil of sombre hue,
The moon and stars are hid from view;
Deep darkness o'er the earth is spread,
Slow comes the storm-king's ominous tread,
And o'er the pine-clad hills, afar,
Loud peals the trumpet blast of war.
Nearer and nearer comes the blast,
The angry hosts are gathering fast,
Forth darts the lightning's lurid flash,
While peal on peal the thunders crash.
The breakers dashing on the shore,
Add to the storm their deaf'ning roar;

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The rocks, and hills, and caves around,
Join in the wild, discordant sound,
Till earth seems rocking to and fro,
As if to vent that final woe.

The sentinel, with dripping form,
Shrank from the fury of the storm,
And in a recess, shelter found,
From warring elements around.
The fort long since was hushed in sleep,
The guards have ceased their watch to keep,
Save captives, not an ear or eye,
Witness the storm-car rushing by.
It is a fearful night to brave
The dangers of the troubled wave;
But such as prisoners choose to take,
Locks, bolts, and prison bars to break;
So in the storm, they dripping stand —
Two lonely pilgrims on the strand.

How shall they cross the waters o'er,
That dash so madly on the shore?
Nor skiff nor shallop meet their sight,
So deep the darkness of the night.
Along the stream they grope their way,
To where a pile of drift-wood lay,
From which they launch a shapeless boat,
As man's device e'er set afloat;

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With oars that chance did rudely form,
Of saplings splintered by the storm:
Scarce hoping that their float would ride
In safety o'er the angry tide,
Unconscious of the course they keep,
They dare the dangers of the deep,
Which, with each groan that rends its breast,
Tosses on high its foaming crest.

By some high Power, on earth unseen,
Is slightly rent the sable screen;
And from the deep, blue vault of heaven,
A guiding star to them is given,
As if in pity moved, to save,
Th' adventurers from a watery grave,
Who tug and strain their raft to urge,
Through blinding spray and boiling surge,
To where the beetling cliffs are seen,
Dark, peering through the misty sereen;
And now a martial host appear,
Of weird sprites wheeling in the air:
Nearer they come with nodding plume,
Now far away they're lost in gloom;
Again appear, with wilder speed,
Riding the waves on airy steed;
Now closed in circuits, round they fly,
A solid phalanx 'gainst the sky.
With palsied hands, and dripping pores,

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Silent they rest upon their oars,
And watch the dancers' giddy flight,
Till quite bewildered with the sight.
The wind and wave's low, dying moan,
Upon the night air faintly borne,
Sounds like a death-dirge, chanted there,
By those wild spirits of the air.

Gazing around, above, below,
They seek the wond'rous cause to know;
Deeming that nature can explain,
The mystery of her waltzing train.
Peering intently, they descry,
As broader sweeps the spangled sky,
A giddy pool in circles sweep
The bosom of the troubled deep;
And in the vortex hurled around,
With trees uprooted from the ground,
Their crazy craft has now to ride
The circling fury of the tide,
Which with each evolution, seems
About to part its slender beams.

Day dawns, as beautiful and bright,
As had been dark, the stormy night.
Sol, clambering up the mountains high,
Put back the curtain from the sky,
Unfolding to the gazer's view,

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One broad expanse of azure blue;
And far away as eye could reach,
Bright gems were sparkling on the beach;
And in the distance they descry,
Midway between the earth and sky,
A dark, blue ridge of mountains wild,
With crag on crag stupendous piled,
Lifting their jagged crests so high,
They seem supporters to the sky;
While on their flinty brows repose
A covering of winter's snows;
A misty shroud enwraps each form,
Torn and disfigured by the storm,
Which o'er the stunted foliage trails,
As nature reefs her tattered sails.

A sudden flash illumes his eye,
Of kindling hope and energy,
As Carey, springing to his oar,
Computes their distance from the shore,
Moistens his hands and clears his brow,
More firmly fixed, his footing now,
"Come Cook," said he, "and let us strain
Each nerve, yon point of land to gain.
Too light, 'tis true, we've counted cost,
But shall our freedom now be lost?
Shall we for this mischance give o'er,
With life's sweet blessings all before?

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Faint heart ne'er gained a lofty prize
Nor won a smile from beauty's eyes;
With life and liberty at stake,
One last bold effort let us make.
Here, maiden fair, my arm shall prove
The deep devotedness of love;
And Cook, thine own shall now attest,
If silken bands may prove the best."
As bearing round, they near the shore,
Each hand more firmly grasps the oar;
Hard pressing 'gainst the drift-wood near,
They make their clumsy craft to veer.
Mark well your chance, now bear a hand,
The distance lessens from the land,
The whirl-pool's jaws give way;
Press hard! still hard up, once more!
Thank heaven the danger now is o'er,
Disgorged the monster's prey.

Once more escaped, a silent prayer
They offer, for a moment there;
Then fleetly as the nimble deer,
Amid the copse-wood disappear.
Hard up the slippery bank they strain,
Until a table rock they gain;
Now breathless pause to look around
And learn the bearing of the ground.
Bright visions dance before their sight,

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Of sorrowing hearts again made light;
And tho' a dreary way they speed,
Had Heaven not succoured them in need?
Would He whose hand undid the bar,
That held them prisoners of war,
Warded the thunderbolt and saved,
When wave and tempest wildly raved,
Who in a wilderness as wild,
Bade ravens feed the prophet child,—
Oh! would He now His care abate,
And leave them to a darker fate?

Now midway up the arch of heaven,
Old Sol his gilded car has driven;
No cloud obscures the brilliant ray
That guides the wanderers on their way,
Who eager toil, until the night
O'ertakes them in their hasty flight.
Another day, it too has gone,
While fleetly speed the travelers on;
Another—and another's sun,
As quickly have their journeys run:
On, on, with hasty steps, they keep
Through forests, trackless as the deep;
Their only compass is the shade,
Across their wildered pathway laid;
And the fixed orbs, which nightly spread
Their starry canopy o'erhead.

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Avoiding now their former trail,
Lest Indian foes again assail,
They through the tangled thickets keep,
Where timid hare might scarcely creep,
O'er frowning cliffs, that threat'ning rise
Their rugged bulwarks to the skies;
The birch and laurels, gnarled and bent,
Assisting in their steep descent;
O'er mountains, ridg'd with heaps of snow,
Across the swollen streams below;
Now through a gorge, so narrow, wind,
They scarce an inch of footing find,
Where down its steep and rocky bed,
The foaming cataract is sped,
And overhung are ledge on ledge,
Just toppling on the dizzy edge,
From whence the broken crags have been
Hurled to the bottom of the glen.

Pale grows the cheek and sunk the eye,
Frequent and deep the bitter sigh,
Fearful and wild, the glances cast,
For long they've kept unbroken fast:
The little food their comrades spared,
With prudent hand, had all been shared;
Their famished gaze bent on the ground,
For roots or insects searching round,
All but the skeletons remain

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Of each once firm and hardy frame:
A mist is gathering o'er the sight,
Which lately sparkled clear and bright;
Before the wild, uncertain eye,
Flit shadows dim confus'dly by;
In darkness reels the earth around,
And Cook falls fainting to the ground;
The damps of death are oozing now,
In clammy coldness from his brow;
But ere the spirit took its flight,
One effort made to clear his sight,
And half reclining 'neath an oak,
In broken accents thus he spoke:
"My day is done, and hope has fled,
Here let me rest my dying head;
The rustling leaves my shroud must be,
My pall, the bright, blue canopy,
And borne upon the zephyr's wing,
My dirge these sighing pines will sing.
But haste thee onward! Corey, haste!
Perchance thy feeble strength may last
To reach some straggling frontier cot,
And now I would detain thee not,
Tho' all alone, 'tis hard to die,
Without a friend to close the eye."

"To leave thee, thus, I cannot go."

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"Art thou my friend! then say not so;
Do not this last request deny;
'Tis better one than both should die;
Slight service canst thou render now."
(Then from his cold and haggard brow,
He tore a single raven tress;)
"Should, now, thy efforts meet success,
This token place in Julia's hand,
The last, the only, I may send.
Tell her to live, for Willie's sake."
(In faltering accents low, he spake.)
"Could I, once more, those loved ones see,
Death were more welcome now to me.
But no! 'gainst Heaven I'll not repine,
But to its will my soul resign."

The tears fell fast o'er Carey's cheek,
No words of solace could he speak.
Of withered leaves, a couch he spread,
And smoothed a pillow for his head,
Then turned to go—his bosom's swell
Forced back the rising, sad farewell.

A groan his parting footsteps stayed,
He turned—his dying friend surveyed;
To leave him thus, his heart must break;
One only effort would he make
To find him food—yet knew not where,

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So wide the desolation there.
But searching round, with streaming eyes,
At length a pheasant he espies,
Which near her nest was hovering;
O, for young David's hand and sling!
This little pebble he might send,
With truer aim and save his friend!

I know not of the secret Power,
Which ruled their destinies, that hour,
And strung anew the feeble arm,
That scarce might do an insect harm.
Perchance an effort of despair
Drove the light missile through the air,
Which on its murderous errand sped,
And not in vain—the bird is dead.
He grasps his prey, he robs her nest,
Wild is the joy within his breast,
His senses reel, the moment brief,
A flood of tears soon bring relief;
For oft the burning drops will flow
In joy's extreme, as deepest woe.
But many efforts proved in vain,
Ere from his lethargy, again
He roused his friend, and bade him share
A portion of his dainty fare;
Undress'd, unseasoned, such a treat,
They knew none other, half so sweet;

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Nor never afterwards forgot
The day, the banquet, nor the spot.

Their strength revives, with needful rest,
And hope rekindles in their breast,
As with the dawning of the day,
They eager plod their weary way;
For some strange whim, by fancy wrought,
To them the firm conviction brought,
That near, the white man tilled the ground.
It might be, that the hills around,
To half awakened memory's gaze,
Brought images of other days;
Or that some fragment of a dream,
Some winding of a mountain stream,
Imagination thus imprest,
"Toil on to-day, to-morrow rest."
Thus cheered, they anxious toil their way,
Until the closing of the day.
As fades the sun-beams on the west,
So withers hope within the breast.

Bright, in the east, with glittering train,
Night's silver queen resumes her reign.
Forgive, if wanderers now repine,
Who all day long have sought some sign,
Among the hills they traverse o'er,
That man had trodden them before.

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When hope withdraws her golden ray,
Despair assumes unbounded sway;
O'er the sick soul is spread a gloom,
Which mocks the darkness of the tomb.
Forgive them, in this trying hour,
When the last link of hope is riven,
If calmness yields to passion's power,
And man, repining, turns to Heaven.

Escaped a deep and bitter sigh,
A tear-drop glistened in his eye:
"Come, let us rest," young Carey said,
"And spread, once more, our leafy bed.
Perchance the last; it seemeth vain
To try our fruitless march again.
Thus be it; 'tis not worth our care,
When we must die, or *how* or *where*,
Then welcome death, I'll meet thee here."
He dashed aside a blinding tear,
Which rose, unbidden, to the eye,
One parting look, gave earth and sky;
A couch of withered leaves he spread,
Then sank, exhausted, on his bed.

Sudden, as comes the thunder's crash,
Or the swift-winged lightning's flash,
Sprung Carey up, and earnest gazed,
As wondering much or much amazed.

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"Cook! see'st thou not that glimmering light?
Is it a phantom of the sight,
Now come to mock us in our woe?
'Tis gone! I thought it would be so.
Away! false hope, no more thy cheat!
Has thy delusion been so sweet,
That life's last, parting pang must be
A subject for thy mockery?
Away! I spurn thee from my sight!
Hold! there! again I see the light!
Look! look! 'tis brighter than before!
Methinks I see an open door!
Come, rise, and let us hasten on,
Ere the bright beacon shall be gone.
Oh, God! I tremble, lest it may
Be Indian foes, in war's array."

Short space they went, a scene so bright
Burst on their joy-bewildered sight,
It held them, spell-bound, where they stood,
Just on the margin of a wood.
Beneath them sloped a hill-side green,
Beyond—but how describe the scene?
It seemed a lake of amber light,
Studded with diamonds dazzling bright;
So calm and still, the river lay,
That not a ripple marked its way,
And motionless the meteors rest,

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Upon its clear transparent breast;
Fair Cynthia, with her round, full face,
Peer'd down askance with modest grace,
And from the mirror, clear and bright,
Cast her fair glances on the night.

Advancing with a hasty stride,
"Knowest thou this spot?" young Carey cried,
"This noble stream, yon mountain high,
That lowly cot?" his kindling eye
And meaning smiles, the heart betrayed,
But here, a sign of silence made.
The gentle breeze from yonder shore,
A gush of mellow music bore;
Tho' lost the words upon the wave,
The tone a mingled sweetness gave;
Like one entranced, he listening stands,
Half bent his form, half raised, his hands,
Mute, motionless, as if the strain,
Soul, sense and vision, all enchain;
Till lost in murmurs, soft and low,
The witching music ceased to flow:
A thrill of joy his heart-strings shook,
One long, deep respiration took,
As if the weight that long oppress'd,
Had now been lifted from his breast.

Cook, seated on a mossy ledge,

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That ran along the water's edge,
Impatient at their long delay,
When the last note had died away,
To his pent thoughts an utt'rance gave;
"A boat! a boat! to cross the wave!"
So weak his voice, the accents died,
Ere it had reached the middle tide;
And in the evening, calm and still,
Sank silent on the sloping hill.
The fountain in his breast was stirred,
And sick at heart, from hope defer'd,—
"Ah! shall I never more embrace
My wife, nor see my Willie's face?
Late, when I deemed no help was nigh,
It had not been so hard to die:
But now, and here!" "Nay, courage, man,"
Said Carey, "let us shout again."

Was that a cry wrung from despair,
So hoarsely ringing on the air?
Waking the echoes on the wave,
Which seem to answer from their grave,
So deep and hollow is the sound
That beats against the hills around?
They hark, when from the distant side,
A sweet and silvery voice replied.
Joy thrilled and quivered through each frame;
A sense of suffocation came;

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The heart with beating, bounding swell,
Seems bursting from its narrow cell,
While anxious eyes, expectant sought
Yon shore, from whence the sound was caught.

A sylvan bower, well formed for love,
Its trellice-work, by nature wove,
Above a rocky moss-grown seat,
Christ'ned of yore, "Lovers' Retreat,"
Maria sought, that evening fair,
To keep her lonely vigils there.
There, where her feet had often roamed,
With him she now so deeply mourned;
Him whom she deemed no more to greet,
Save in that land where spirits meet.
There, idly gazing on the stream,
Where a rich flood of moonlight lay,
Where countless stars like brilliants gleam,
And in their restless twinkling seem
With their own light to play;
A scene so calm, so fair and bright,
Now her lone heart had lost its light,
Called forth this mournful lay:

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THE MAIDEN'S SONG.

"Flow on, noble river! flow on to the main!
While lonely and sadly I sit and complain;
Calm be thy spirit and gentle thy flow,
I will not upbraid thee in the depth of my woe.

Flow on noble river, majestic and free,
Bear proudly thy tribute to the deep rolling sea;
Flow softly and gently, wake not from their rest,
Those myriads of star-gems that sleep on thy breast.

As ye came from your home, in the mountains afar,
Heard ye no tidings of the dark border war?
O, saw ye not him, with the step free as air,
With eyes blue as heaven, and bright flowing hair?

Saw ye the council-fire gleaming and bright,
Fling its broad, lurid glare on the fair brow of night?
Saw ye the faggots for the sad victims piled?
O, heard ye the death-chant all solemnly wild?

Saw ye not the dark warriors, all dabbled with gore,
Who brought desolation to thy once happy shore?
In all thy deep windings thro' mountain and plain,
Have not thy clear waters been tinged with the slain?

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Flow on, noble river! flow on to the sea!
Hoard thou thy secret—tell it not unto me;
To the foam-crested billows thy tidings impart;
Quench not the last glimmer of hope in my heart."

The song was hushed, but through her brain,
Chased the wild phantoms of her strain,
As on the gentle hill-side green,
Where last her lover's form was seen,
She silent fixed her tearful eye—
"Hush! beating heart! was that a cry,
Or but a trick by fancy played?"
At length, half musingly, she said
"Hark! no!" and springing to her feet,
"A boat! a boat!" the rocks repeat.
That voice! had she not heard before?
With trembling hand, she grasped the oar,
And glided swiftly from the shore.
The launch, the speed, the maiden fair,
Each claim in turn, young Carey's care;
Yet spoke he not, save with his eye,
But seemed expectant of reply.

The maiden, leaning on her oar,
Now ran her gaze along the shore,
Half hidden by a willow nigh,
The travelers escape her eye.

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"Who calls?" with trembling voice she cried,
"Be't friend or foe?" "Friends," Cook replied.
No longer Carey's foot-steps staid,
But springing forth he clasped the maid:
"Maria!" It was all he spoke;
Then like a reed, half bent, half broke,
Slow sank to earth; who shall control
The passion's fire that wraps the soul
In rays of dazzling light?
Which, like a wandering meteor driven
Athwart the shining vault of heaven,
Must pass away in night.

"Help! help!" the frantic maiden cries;
Wild were her accents—wild her eyes,
As back her raven tresses flung,
And o'er her lover weeping hung;
Pale in the moon-light, there he lay,
Silent, inanimate as clay;
Gone was the fire, and gone the breath,
But short the strife 'tween life and death;
Feebly the pulse resumes its play,
Slowly life's current tracks its way
Up to the lip, the cheek, the brow,
The wilder'd sight uncloses now,
Memory asserts her rightful reign,
And drives dim phantoms from his brain.
But not for curious ear or eye,

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Are lover's words or maid's reply.
The fondness that their looks reveal,
The kiss that former vows re-seal.

My jaded muse should now forbear
To pour dull music on the ear.
Had not a wife just claims to be
A sharer in our sympathy?
Long had she mourned her husband dead;
For long had hopes of safety fled.
Could she have watched his latest breath,
Resigned him to the arms of death,
Poured her deep sorrow o'er his tomb,
Less keen the pang—less dark the gloom.
But the deep wound kept open wide
By the sharp probe suspense applied.
At times, a faint, uncertain ray
Of hope, shone on her cheerless way;
With it, such frightful visions came,
Of captives, faggots, stake and flame,
The death-dance with its fiendish mirth,
And yells too horrible for earth,
Women and children's mocking groans,
All mingled with the dying moans;
Close would she press her streaming eyes,
Implore the mercies of the skies
To save him from the awful fate,
That Indian prisoners await,

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And from the contemplation dread,
Recoil, to mourn her husband dead!

Her brow is pale, and sad, and meek,
Adown the furrows of her cheek
The tear-drops flow in hurried chace,
And fall on sleeping Willie's face.
Strange fancies agitate her breast,
For in her last night's troubled rest,
She dreamed that 'neath the old elm tree,
She sat with Willie on her knee,
Her husband came and kindly smiled,
And kissed her brow, and kissed his child:
Half wild with joy, a sudden scream
Dissolved the magic of her dream.
And did it argue good or ill?
Such thoughts as these her bosom fill;
A gentle step, she turns to see
What strange intruder there may be:
These, no delusions of a dream,
The form, the smile, the kiss, the scream,
The fond embrace, the happy wife,
All are realities of life.

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ADDRESS TO POVERTY.

—

Gaunt Poverty! thou cold, unfeeling thing;
Thy bleak and icy breath freezes into my soul
And clogs its gushing fount of deep solicitude.
Why mock me thus and bind me to thy toil
A pitiful drudge, to labor, and to die
Unknowing and unknown? A luckless plant
Embosomed in a cold, ungenial soil—
A barren waste, uncultured, unrefreshed
By the sweet dews of knowledge, whence the soul
Imbibes its richest draughts of earthly bliss.
Long have I struggled in thy desperate grasp
And strove to cast thee off, till each strained nerve

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Gave way and lost its wonted energy.
Thou gavest bounds to action, but the mind
Leav'st free to roam through the elysian fields
Of bright imagination, rich with gems
That tempt our longing gaze; and we approach
To snatch the precious flower, when lo! a price
Is set upon the prize; and humbled, we
Shrink back almost to insignificance.
But Fancy gains new ardor by defeat,
Determination from each new repulse
While growing zeal gives brighter, richer, tints
To airy nothings which she ever weaves
Delighted with the task:—Hope's syren strains
Lulling life's cares in dreamy listlessness
Till all is finished, and a brilliant garb
Is wrapped about the form. Enchanting spell!
To be dissolved by one cold, piercing look
Of stern reality; thy fairy woof
Torn to a thousand shreds, and hurled from view
On penury's bleak gale! Yet will the mind
Regain its energy, and plume its wing
For a more lofty flight, 'mid fancy's clouds;
And soaring heavenward, ardent as before,
Deep meditates upon some wondrous scheme
Imagination out of chaos forms,
And reason must demolish soon as done,
E'en tho' our dearest hopes should all lie crushed
Beneath the shapeless ruin. Yet methinks

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Nor shame it with hypocrisy's false glare,
For that alone makes poverty a crime.

Chill Poverty! Thou art an evil thing
And dreaded most, tho' not the worst of ill,
Thou dost deny us intellectual food
And bar the door to science' classic fields;
But mind, thou canst not starve, for nature's book
With sublime truths and Heaven-established laws,
Writ by Omnipotence and beautified
With living characters too plain to need
Man's written lore t' explain, is free to all;
Thou canst deny us art, but nature, not,
For that, thank Heaven. Thou may'st bind us to
One little spot, but nature smileth there.
Yes, smiles as sweetly on the peasant's cot
As on the rich man's palace; robes herself
In vestments bright and beautiful to meet
The beggar as the king—and sings her songs
As sweetly to the lowly child of want
As to the princess' ear. But I would fain
Roam far o'er classic field and meditate
Upon the tombs of science gifted sons;
Gaze on the Alps, upon the ancient Nile,
And on the ancient piles which rear their forms
Amid the desert's waste, piercing the clouds—
Art's giants, clothed in nature's drapery.
And I would look on fair Italian skies—

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On Grecian art—on Rome's majestic domes—
And muse o'er ancient ruins, on the rise
And fall of Empires vast. Drink perfume sweet
Amid the sunny isles that clustering lie
Upon old ocean's breast. Yet such the gifts
Thy niggard hand denies.

Thus let it be,
Thou Sovereign Ruler of the universe!
I know that all is by Thy will ordained
For that which seemeth unto Thee the best;
Then let me be contented to enjoy
The generous boon of nature, and accept
With thankful heart the many blessings which
Kind Providence bestows. And I would toil
From morn till night, from year to year, through life,
And wear thy humblest garb, yea, e'en thy rags;
Take charity's poor crust, rather than be
Like that vile wretch who hath no other thought
Save of the shining heaps his grasping hands
Have labored long and hard t' accumulate;
A curse alike to him who treasures up,
And him who reaps the spoils. A fearful curse
For which was bartered honor—the soul's peace—
Long days of toil and anguish—sleepless nights—
Health, happiness, and every social joy—
Friendship, and holy love, all offered up
On Mammon's filthy shrine.

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Fool-hardened man!
How vain! how worse than vain were all thy hopes,
To think of giving happiness to one
Whose nobler energies have been consumed
By sloth and idleness—his mind debased
By passions unrestrained; whose every wish
Is unredeeming wed to brutal lust,
And every waking thought is gloating o'er
The ill-got gold unwisely hoarded up
To pamper his depravity. And he
Thus fallen, degraded, sunk below the brutes,
Was made to walk in pride of nobleness
This beauteous earth; blessing and blest;
To quaff the rich potations meted out
By bounteous nature: to feast the eye
On all the wonders of the universe
Spread out to meet his gaze; sublimely grand
To drink delicious harmony of song
From throats that swell with gratitude and love
Enlarging sympathy—filling the heart
With high and holy adoration;
Expanding unlimited the soul's desires
Until the soul shall burst its earthly bonds,
And soars into eternity, to drink
From the sweet fount of inspiration.

O, let me banquet on such heavenly joys,
And bathe in helicon my burning brow;

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I'll crave no sweeter bliss—no richer boon
From earth's inheritance. O, give me these,
I'll dine with meagre want—unmurmuring sup
With thee, gaunt Poverty—and bless the feast;
Be merry with thy guests, and weep alone
To view the miser hoarding up his gold.

ANGEL VISITANTS.

—

Angel Visitants from Heaven,
  Guardian spirits pure and bright,
Meet me oft in that sweet dream-land
  Where ye met me yesternight.

I would hear thee speak, dear Mother,
  Kindly, gently, as you spoke
With that smile, serene and holy,
  Ere this morning I awoke.

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It is sweet, my blessed Father,
E'en in dreams to look on thee,
Yet I would, dear Father, nearer
Thou would'st come and speak to me.

Mother came so close I felt her
Hand laid gently on my head,
Blessing as she used to bless me,
Ere from earth her spirit fled.

And she smiled so like an angel,
Spoke so kindly, I forgot
For a time, the frowns and censure
Which have fallen to my lot.

Since she left me in my childhood
To a world's unfriendly charge,
Tossing on life's troubled ocean
Like a frail deserted barge.

Dear departed spirits! o'er me
Still, O still thy vigils keep,
Angel visitants from Heaven
Coming ever in my sleep.

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SYMPATHY.

—

SWEET SYMPATHY! for thee my bosom yearneth;
The flagging spirit needs thy cheering aid;
Upon affection's altar feebly burneth
The flame, where no heart offerings are laid.

The gentle vine, with tendrils outward throwing,
When unsupported, yields but fruitage sour;
The deepest stream unfed, must cease its flowing;
The plant neglected, bear a blighted flower.

'Tis even thus with the heart's best affections;
They must have sustenance, or cease to be
Naught but a man of human imperfections,
On which the world pours out its censure free.

He who can count the flowers—the fruitage measure,
That's lost and blighted in ungenial climes,
Or tell how much of earth's bright golden treasure,
Lies undeveloped in its hidden mines.

May tell of all the warm affections driven
Back on the heart—neglected there to die,
Which sought and nourished, would to earth have given
A foretaste of that better world on high.

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LINES

WRITTEN ON MY THIRTY-SIXTH BIRTH DAY.

When I review past years, and scan each scene
In life's great drama, where all play a part,
The lights and shades in one unbroken stream,
Rush in upon the mind, chequering life's chart
With joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, all traced
In faithful coloring on memory's page,
Where once recorded they'll ne'er be erased;
For time, deep sorrows, cannot all assuage,
Nor early joys, forgotten be, in age.

What life so drear that hath not one bright spot,
To which the memory clings with fond delight?
Our childhood's early home—the humble cot,
Where fancy all of happiness unites,

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With scarce a shade to mar the blissful spell;
Or, if our early years, some sorrows knew,
They're lost beneath the darker, deeper swell
Of life's tumultuous sea, and lost to view,
As storms obliterate the gentler dew.

My childhood home! Methinks I see it now;
A lovely vale, reclining 'neath a hill;
Where erst I gazed upon its storm-clad brow,
And felt my pulse with youthful rapture thrill;
There, ledge on ledge the beetling cliffs arose
In rugged grandeur, like some ruined tower,
Twining their forms, the columbine and rose
Lent their soft beauty to the sylvan bower,
Framed by that Artist's hand—Almighty power.

How sweet the grapes which clustered on the vines!
But most I loved the autumn's gentle breeze,
That woke sweet music 'mid the harp strung pines,
And shook the bright brown nuts from the old trees
So kindly spared by the indulgent Hand,
To screen the flocks from noon-tide's scorching ray,
Beneath their spreading boughs, while zephyrs fanned
My careless brow, I've whiled the hours away,
While feathered minstrels caroled on the spray.

From this bright spot, time bore me soon away,
Far, far away, from each enchanting scene,

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Where lightsome sports beguiled the sunny day;
And life flowed on all placid and serene.
From youthful friends it grieved me much to part;
But I must seek in other climes a home—
Must banish childish mirth from my young heart,
And feel life's cares in quick succession come,
An orphan wanderer, homeless and alone.

Swift down the stream of time my bark was driven,
No skillful mariner its course to steer;
Storm-fretted clouds shut out the light of heaven,
And all around, wild breakers rent mine ear.
Dark waves came pressing on in fearful haste,
By adverse winds, now tempest-tossed and sped;
Before, around, one wide expansive waste,
The household scattered, save the silent dead,
While happiness, seemed like their spirits, fled.

But why, my muse, this saddened strain pursue?
Thy heart has felt no blight; thou ne'er hast known
Extremes of good or ill; thy harp is new,
Tho' swept by one whose locks are thickly strown
With silvered monitors of life's decay;
Hope smiles serene and bids thee strike the lyre;
Unlike the bard, who sang his natal day
At thirty-six; whose soul's consuming fire,
Nursed but one spark to light his funeral pyre.

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Full twenty summers had prolonged his strain,
Nations had heard and echoed back the sound,
Resting upon the pinnacle of fame,
Alone and sorrow-stricken gazed he round,
A weary, toil-worn wanderer of earth,
Bereft of all, to which his being clung;
Self-exiled from the home that gave him birth;
His favored harp, discordant and unstrung,
Fair Greece! he dying, on the willows hung.

To sing of thee, fair Greece! or bard sublime,
Why have I wandered from my theme astray?
Around my brow no poet's wreath may twine;
My path through life leads in a humbler way;
Ten moons have scarce their accustomed courses run,
Since first my pen a simple fragment traced;
Beside, my muse is not the favored one,
To roam o'er earth, and sea, and deserts waste,
Where ancient empires fell with cities quite erased.

Ah! could my muse survive this mortal clay—
Inspire one rapturous thrill in coming years;
It were enough; my head I'd calmly lay
'Neath the green sod and ask no mourner's tears,
Nor stone to mark where worms their revels keep;
No record of this frail mortality;
The immortal mind disdains ignoble sleep;
Freed from the earth, it cleaves the upper sky,
And leaves behind, a name to live or die.

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PATRICK HENRY.

"HENRY the forest-born Demosthenes;
Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas."
Age of Bronze.

NATURE's great Orator! Columbia's child!
Born in a forest; tutored in a wild;
When first his voice upon the nations broke,
The awe-struck millions listened as he spoke.
His chosen study was some quiet nook,
God, the great Author of his favorite book,
In which his raptured gaze, delighted sought
The sublime truths that nature there has taught.
The noble grandeur of his native hills,
And the soft murmur of their gentle rills
Inspired his soul, and in a master mind,

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Sublimity and elegance combined.
The oft protracted pleasures of the chase
Gave perseverance, energy and grace,
Vitality its deep expansive powers,
And rhetoric its most productive flowers.
What cared the youth for the black lettered page
And all the learned folly of the age,
When nature's volume better pleased his mind,
And taught a truer lesson of mankind?
He learned that passion's subjugated law,
That Ridicule, stern Reason held in awe,
That Knowledge paled before the flash of wit,
And stoics winced when rightly they were hit.
The human breast with answering passions full,
He knew what chord to shun and what to pull,
Where strike the blow, or when the lash apply,
Where dart the lightning flashes of his eye.
So deeply read in that strange volume, MAN,
Each passing thought, his piercing gaze could scan.
The western world had felt a fearful shock,
Her ship of state was dashed upon a rock,
By headlong pilots, on a foreign shore,
And foaming billows swept the frigate o'er.
The gallant crew, there grouped upon the deck,
With horror saw each parting of their wreck,
Saw piece, by piece their tottering platform rent,
And the dread corsair, on destruction bent,
Full on their sinking ship, bear down in pride,

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With blood-red banners streaming o'er the tide.
Deep the complaint of England's galling yoke,
Some in low whispers, others loudly spoke,
They asked not mercy, but for justice plead;
Alas! when tyrants live, justice is dead.
Petitions were with insolence repaid,
Till hope seemed fled, save in their trusty blade.
Already had the Lion's fearful roar,
Pealed in deep thunders on New England's shore,
And drove the blood in icy curdles through
The shrinking veins, while fleet on fleet they view,
With Briton's flag proud floating o'er each crest,
Their living freight in scarlet vestments dress'd,
Poured forth upon their shore, a living flood,
Ripened for violence and deeds of blood.
Young Henry saw the struggle must begin,
That men must strike, who liberty would win,
Ere the dread scourge of Tyranny they feel,
And prostrate sink beneath his iron heel.
Firm as the rock, which parts the rolling flood,
Before the doubting, wavering mass he stood;
Fire in his eye and sternness on his brow;
O, for the tongue of Rome's great Cicero!
To speak the thoughts that rankle in his breast,
And wake his countrymen from torpid rest.
A fearful odds of talent stood arrayed,
On which th' impetuous charge must now be made.
He nerved his mighty spirit for the strife,

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Made one bold cast for liberty and life.
So, like the bolt which rends the towering ash,
With startling peal and heaven-illuming flash,
His eloquence burst on th' astonished world,
From west to east the deafening blast was hurled,
And reverb'rating on the rock-bound coast,
The Atlantic's roar amid the sound was lost.
Old England felt the shock in mute surprise,
Had her oppression bade the old Roman rise,
To wake the new world from its lethargy,
And bid it rise, shake off its chains, be free!

The wise and great beheld in dumb dismay,
The ball was sped, its progress none might stay;
That nations trundle, rolled in the advance,
When force opposes force, and lance meets lance,
O'erturning in its course all powers that be,
For new-forged chains or glorious liberty.
From Lexington the battle cry arose,
On Bunker's hill fierce charged the hostile foes,
Upon the field their dying comrades bleed,
They dare not pause, yet fearful to proceed.
Slavery behind, and death before them lay,
Undaunted, Henry leads the dangerous way.
His soul, by Freedom's heavenly ray inspired,
Glowing with eloquence, each bosom fired,
Which bursting forth in flames, spread far and wide,
And swept along resistless as the tide.

The thirteen States in compact firm unite,

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And hand in hand, rush boldly to the fight.
The stars and stripes wave proudly on the air,
And tell the foe a Spartan band is there,
Firm as the rock on which the Pilgrims stood,
When first they crossed the deep and briny flood.
Freedom or death! loud echoes o'er the plain,
The soaring Eagle tears the Lion's mane;
Oppression quails, the God of battle's just!
The blood-red flag trails lowly in the dust.
Henry stood firm by old Virginia's helm,
And dared the tyrant of the British realm;
Till in that state, from whence the ball he hurled,
The blow was given that free'd the Western World.
Deep was the torrent of his powerful mind,
Its source exhaustless and the stream refined.
He scorned the empty titles of the great,
And all their pride of pageantry and state.
A life devoted to his country's cause,
Was spent for liberty and not applause.
And such was Henry, such may ever be
Thy noble sons, beloved America!

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HOME OF MY CHILHOOD.

—

Home of my childhood! on thought's airy pinion,
I re-visit thy scenes so dear to my heart;
Thou art a blest spot, in the world's wide dominion,
Where memory lingers as loth to depart.

The haunts where with play-mates I spent the glad hours,
Every moss-covered rock is presented to view;
The field where we roamed to cull the wild flowers,
With bright, gleaming petals, rich ladened with dew.

How the memory clings to the scenes now deserted!
The school where we strove for the medal so bright,
The lilly-pond nigh, where at noon we resorted,
To gather its treasures so spotlessly white.

I remember the brook with its glad waters flowing,
And leaping o'er obstacles cast in its way;
While it kissed the fair cheek of the water-cress glowing,
And bathed its fair form in the clear, cooling spray.

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Ye hills! and ye woodlands! with heart-felt emotion,
I recall every spot where my foot-steps have trod;
The hemlock and pine, bending low in devotion,
In sweet, mournful strains wafting praises to God.

The clustering vines, with their long arms entwining
Around the old oak, in a tender embrace,
Striving, tho' vainly, to check its repining,
As the storm rattled by, or the wind blew apace.

Oft have I roamed through the thick, tangled wild-
wood, [around,
Where the dew, from the leaves, fell like diamonds
To gather wild berries, so sweet to my childhood,
And the thorn-guarded chestnuts, by autumn em-
browned.

Oh! where are they now? the gay, happy creatures!
So gentle in friendship, so boisterous in mirth!
Oft in my dreams I behold their glad features;
Where! where are they now? Are they yet of the
earth?

Oh! where are those loved ones, whose eyes of affec-
tion,
Watched o'er my childhood in life's early morn?
Where, now, can I look for the arm of protection?
My *Father!* my *Mother! ye are gone! ye are gone!*

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THERE'S BEAUTY EVERYWHERE.

—

There's beauty in a summer cloud,
And in the gentle shower;
And in each little drop that lies
Concealed within the flower.
The arching bow that spans the sky,
Is bright beyond compare;
The sun-beams bursting on the earth,
Spread beauty everywhere.

There's beauty in the rivulet
That murmurs sweet and low,
And in the deep, majestic waves,
Which silent, onward flow.
There's a beauty in the ocean,
And in the quiet lake,
The spray and dancing bubbles
The beautiful partake.

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There's beauty in the bright green wood,
And in the little flowers,
And in the merry strains that float
Amid the vernal bowers;
In the whispering, balmy zephyrs,
As they lightly kiss the brow,
And in the fields of golden grain,
'Neath breezes bending low.

There's a grand majestic beauty
In the mountains towering high,
And in the bright green valleys,
That slumbering, 'neath them lie,
What with a golden sunset,
In richness can compare,
O'er the fair landscape flinging
Its beauty everywhere?

There's a calm and quiet beauty
In the dewy twilight gray,
As, silently, the beams of light
Steal from the earth away.
There's beauty in the fire-fly,
When sparkling in the air,
And in the chirping cricket's song,
Unmixed with grief or care.

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There's beauty in the bright full moon,
The deep, blue vault on high,
And beauty in each little star
That twinkles in the sky.
There's a solemn beauty resting
On the deep and stilly night,
And beauty in the morning's dawn,
Arrayed in rosy light.

There's beauty in the laws ordained
By Him who rules above,
And a beauty calm and holy
In a mother's watchful love;
In a sister's sweet affection,
A father's guardian care,
A brother's noble, manly brow,
All, all have beauties rare.

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LENA.

A LEGEND OF LOVER'S LEAP.

—

Behold yon mansion falling to decay,
With unclosed portals frowning o'er the way;
Where owls and bats, secure at noontide sleep,
And slimy reptiles o'er the hearth-stone creep.
Still faithful in decay, the ivy crawls,
In wild luxuriance, o'er the moss-grown walls,
As if, from prying gaze, it sought to hide
That shattered relict of departed pride.
The graveled walks, with borders once so fair,
With fragrant flowers all beautiful and rare,
Are now with weeds and wild grass overrun,

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Till not a pebble glitters in the sun.
Above the curbless well, poised high in air,
The dingy sweep keeps its lone vigils there,
And o'er these sacred relicts of the past,
Joins its sad requiem to the sighing blast.
Yet deem them not deserted, oft 'tis said
A withered form, of shy and noiseless tread,
Like a lost spirit of another sphere,
Is seen to wander, 'mid these ruins drear.
His eye emits a strange, unearthly glare,
Lit by fierce passion, nurtured by despair.
Yet aimless, meaningless, its restless gaze,
E'en 'mid the scenes of brighter, happier days.
And would'st thou know what all this ruin wrought?
Hear then the tale as I the tale was taught.
From foreign lands an exiled peer he came,
Proud of his wealth, still prouder of his name;
A name untarnished, honored, and revered,
Till Revolution's sanguine form appeared,
And like a whirlwind, swept his native clime,
Spreading contention, anarchy, and crime;
Whence, forced to fly from fell oppression's hand,
He sought for safety in our happy land.
A being fair, in whom each grace combined,
That could give beauty to the form and mind,
In all the sweet sincerity of youth,
Had pledged to him her sacred love and truth;
And ere one year on downy wings had flown,

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A precious jewel on love's altar shone.
But ah! how oft excessive joy below
Proves but the harbinger of deepest woe!
The mother smiled upon the pledge she'd given,
Then plum'd her spirit wings, and flew to heaven.
The smiles and prattles of his cherub child
The father's lone and dreary hours beguiled;—
Won back his heart, deep buried in the tomb,
And like bright sun-beams, chased away its gloom.
The snowy violet, diffident and meek,
The lilly, with its fair unsullied cheek,
The bright young bud, that blushes to disclose
The riper beauties of the opening rose,
Were not more spotless, delicate or fair,
Than was that idol of a father's care.
Delighted, oft his glowing pride would trace
On her fair brow, the impress of his race;
And in her eye, detect the kindling fire,
That spoke the daughter worthy of her sire.
Like a bright star, from out the realms of night,
Burst this fair being, on the enraptured sight.
Who caught a glance, would pause to look again,
And he who paused, soon wore the captive's chain.
But while more wealthy suitors eager strove
In vain, to win the gentle maiden's love,
A noble youth, who, silent, stood apart,
Had, half unconscious, won her generous heart.
His modest worth was all he had, to buy

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The sire's assent or maid's approving eye;—
A currency too rarely found on earth,
And seldom passing for its real worth.
This, Edgar knew, and therefore unconfessed
The all-absorbing passion of his breast;—
Tho' not concealed, when one dear form was nigh,
The tender glance and softly beaming eye,
Whose silent eloquence revealed full well,
That depth of love his lips forbore to tell.
But why the fear his passion to avow?
The tell-tale blush on Lena's cheek and brow,
The ray of love-light beaming from her eye,
The pensive mood and gently heaving sigh,
The trembling hand, his own had often press'd,
Had bade him hope—nay more, her love confess'd!
But seldom smoothly glides the stream of love,
Their plighted vow, her father must approve;—
That father who, with proud, averted eye,
And haughty mien, had passed him coldly by;
And made the boiling blood, indignant seek
His burning brow, and mantle o'er his cheek.
Yet ardent love nerved Edgar to the task
Of her stern sire, the willing maid to ask.
The haughty glance and proud dilated form,
Foretold the fury of the coming storm.
"Burst thou, a beggar! sue for Lena's hand?
Forth from my sight!" the father's stern command;
"No low plebian will I own my son;

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Presumptuous youth, thou hast my word, be gone!"
Thus spake the sire; while Edgar's sole reply
Spoke in his quivering lip and flashing eye;
As he returned, with proud and dauntless air,
The withering frown, and cold, forbidding stare.
With hope and fear combatting in her breast,
Her mind with dark foreboing ill, oppress'd,
Fair Lena sought her rustic bower apart,
To quell the tumult raging in her heart;
While countless thoughts, that left no trace behind,
Flew like grim spectres through her troubled mind.
Approaching steps arrest her thoughtful mood;
Before her gaze the trembling lover stood;
One glance exchanged, all, all the depth of woe
That look revealed, no words have power to show.
Then closed her sight, her mind a chaos wrought;
The frantic youth the unconscious maiden caught,
And as her brow upon his breast reclined,
What tongue can tell his agony of mind,
While gazing on that face, so like to death
Were the closed lids, and mute suspended breath!
Oh! had it been, had death his signet press'd,
And hushed the heart still trembling in her breast,
Then spared were she, the deep and wordless woe
Returning life and consciousness must know.
"O wilt thou yet be mine, dear Lena? say—
Or thy proud sire's imperious will obey?"
Thus Edgar spake as life returned again,

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With the keen sense of agonizing pain—
"Against thy father's will, my bride to be,
And seek some low and humble cot with me,
Or speak the fearful words that bid us part.
I'll bide thy choice, though it should break my heart."
"And leave my father thus! to be thy bride?
The very thought is madness!" she replied:
"No! Edgar, no! my parent's stern decree
Has made thee what thou art, yet would'st not be.
O, urge me not the fatal shaft to aim,
Against the breast that should my reverence claim.
Ah! could I whisper hope—but my poor heart
Has read its sentence, Edgar! we must part!"
"Forgive dear Lena! well, too well I know
That this rash step must fill my cup of woe!
Go to thy father, soothe his anger'd brow;
Mine was the blame, alone I'll bear it now.
Ah! wherefore do I linger here to swell
Thy bitter anguish? O, forgive! farewell."
Who shall portray his agony of heart,
As Edgar turned from Lena to depart?
For hope's last ray had vanished from his sight,
And life seemed now an endless reach of night!
A leaden weight upon his bosom press'd,
As if each passion sought it, there to rest.
Lit was his eye with frenzy's fearful glow,
While big cold drops stood on his marble brow.
To see his agony, and not to feel

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The firmness shake, her heart were worse than steel.
All, all gave way! forth rushed the passion's tide;
"Forgive, dear Edgar!" wildly thus she cried;
"To live with thee, or with thee now to die,
I am resolved, together we will fly."
One lingering look on all around she cast;
One farewell tear, gave home and pleasures past;
From these old halls the life and light were flown,
And since, no life has that old mansion known.
The lovers' flight, the father early learns,
A fearful vengeance in his bosom burns,
His child to be a base born plebian's bride;—
The thought was lava to his wounded pride!
On fleetest steed and firmest in his pace,
In hot pursuit he lends a fearful chase.
Fast fly the lovers from a father's wrath,
The plain is cleared, and scaled the mountain path;
The stream is crossed—yet pause they not for breath,
The race is up, the issue, life or death.
Haste, Edgar haste! stay not thy fleet career;
Spur on thy steed, the angry sire is near.
His scowling brow and quivering lips comprest,
Tell the deep vengeance burning in his breast.
On, on; nor turn his lenity to claim;—
The die is cast, and fearful is the game.
Thy noble steed perchance may win the race:—
Ah, fruitless hope! he slackens in his pace,
He pants, he reels, oh God! his race is o'er;

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He bites the dust, alas! to rise no more!
A moment's pause,—then like the hunted deer,
That feareth naught, save the pursuer near,
To a high precipice, dark, frowning there,
The frantic lovers spring in wild despair.
One hurried glance, one silent prayer to heaven,—
One short embrace,—one kiss of fondness given,—
Locked in each others arms, a fearful leap,—
Down, down they plunge into the awful deep!
The fatal spot, the father quickly nears,
The gurgling waters verify his fears;
A moment's space, O, what a change is there!
The look of hate has turned to dark despair!
With straining eye, and mute, suspended breath,
He stands transfixed, pale, motionless as death!
The setting sun has shed its latest beam,
While yet the father gazed upon the stream,
That soft as twilight, fading on the west,
Folded the lovers to its tranquil breast.
The lengthen'd shadows deep'ning into night,
Now wrought strange phantoms to mislead his sight,
Until the past and present, half forgot,
He stands a maniac on that fatal spot.
Wild was his eye, his accents strange and wild;—
"Give back ye waters, give me back my child!"
The quick pulsation of his throbbing heart,
Was all the sound, the stillness would impart;
Save from yon isle, o'er which the moonbeams smiled,
Came the wild echo,—"give me back my child!"

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MAN.

—

For what was man designed? Has nature formed
Her noblest structure but to be adorned
In gew-gaw covering of gilded lace,
And hands for naught, save jewels rare to grace?—
God given a soul that should to heaven aspire,
To move a puppet for each fool t' admire,
And faculties that elements may sway,
To waste in folly, idleness and play?
  Creative Power no idle insect made;
Each, in its sphere of action is arrayed;
Naught deviates from nature's all-wise plan
So widely, inconsistently, as man.
Yes, man! the lord, the umpire of the earth,
Has most perverted, most disgraced his birth;
His high-toned intellect, so nobly formed,
Profaned, dishonored, blighted and deformed;

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By passions which, if rightly disciplined,
Had been subservient to a master mind;
But nursed and pampered, gain complete control
O'er all the higher qualities of soul.
When man was made with wisdom, power and skill,
To hold the waves submissive to his will;
With matchless speed, to traverse earth and air,
The lightnings tame, his messages to bear,
Ah! wherefore turns he thus, to go astray
From that high path, where greatness makes his way,
To by-paths, where deceitful Pleasure stands,
With cup and dice held in her tempting hands,
With smiles of falsehood winning him to taste
The poisonous draught, his precious hours to waste?
He knows full well, that hopeless ruin waits
The luckless wight, when once within her gates;
That in the foul, inebriating bowl
A sorceress lurks, to prostitute his soul;
Yet drains the cup of that false goddess, who,
For every draught of joy, of pain gives two:
Vainly does Reason whisper him to stay,
That dangerous pit-falls intercept the way,
And reckless man pursues his downward course,
Pursued by Guilt, by Misery and Remorse,
Till prostrate manhood feels no strength remain,
The higher path of virtue to regain.
The arm, enfeebled for the lack of use,
The mind, degenerated by abuse,

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Lend their frail energies to one sole aim,
To blot from earth a worthless, blighted name.
Has not the Almighty, in His wondrous plan,
Bestowed his highest, noblest powers on man?
O then arise! assert thy proper sway,
Mark out thy course, and turn not from the way.
Know'st not that idleness is the great school
Of vice and folly, ignorance, misrule?
Then shake the incubus from off thy soul,
Give Action scope, and Reason full control.
Arise! thy place, thy energies regain!
Clear the thick cob-webs from thy sluggish brain!
Stand forth in all the greatness of thy mind,
And be the nobleman that Heaven designed.

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MY NATIVE VALE.

—

THERE is a vale embosomed in the hills,
Far to the east where rugged mountains rise;
Its memory, my heart with rapture thrills,
For there my gaze first rested on the skies.

Its eastern slope was bounded by a mead,
With wild-flowers, in their gold and purple dress'd;
Mount Juniper upreared his lofty head,
And waved his verdant plumes along the west.

Before our cottage door, there ran a brook,—
A merry brook, it danced the livelong day;
There oft I watched from some secluded nook,
The fishes wanton, in its silvery spray.

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There was a bridge, that spanned the streamlet o'er,
A rude old bridge, my feet have often press'd,
When I would gaze thro' the wide gaping floor,
To count the pewees, in their downy nest.

Against the bridge, a hemlock half reclined,
With fan-like boughs, all waving in the breeze;
And just beyond, with their long arms entwined,
I well remember three old maple trees.

Above the bridge, my father had a mill,
Much worn by labor, and the floods which came
In foaming torrents, rushing down the hill,
When winter's snows dissolved in spring time rain.

It was a pleasant spot, and they were days
Of joy, I spent with my young play-mates then;
Oh! how I long, once more to turn and gaze
On those bright scenes, and feel that joy again.

Alas! they tell me that my childhood's home
Has strangely changed—that now I'd know it not;
The green wood, where I loved so much to roam,
Hath not a tree to point me to the spot.

The dear old bridge has fallen to decay;
One that I know not, spans the streamlet o'er;
The slender hemlock leaning o'er the way,
And the old maples, now are seen no more.

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My early play mates, where, O, where are they!
Ah! does my father's cottage linger still?
Alas! I fear it has been swept away,
With the last vestige of the ruined mill!

Of all I loved, does nothing now remain,
But the old rocks and that long reach of hills,
Which gently sloping to the pine-clad plain,
Watered the valley with their gurgling rills.

I fear me much, they too have been defaced,
Blasted and leveled by ambitious men;
Who in their restless, onward march have traced
Their iron trails o'er mountain, hill and glen.

Yet, my loved native valley! dear thou art,
And mid thy ruins I would look on thee;
A sympathy awakens in my heart,
For time hath wrought its changes too with me.

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TO THE MISSISSIPPI.

—

Great Mississippi! offspring of the North!
Mountains conceived and proudly brought thee forth,
And cradled thee in chasms deep and wild,
Fair silvery lakes thine infant hours beguiled.
Then breaking forth in all thy youthful pride,
A thousand streams contribute to thy tide;
A river grown, and chafing to be free,
With foaming ire thou leap'st St. Anthony.

Exhaustless stream! Pride of America!
From the cold north thou tak'st thy winding way,
To where bright sunny isles at anchor ride,
To pour thy waters on Atlantic's tide.
Vast is thy reach, one arm outstretch'd, receives,
The largesses the Rocky mountain gives;
The other eastward takes the crystal tide,
Which freely flows from Alleghany's side.

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Broad flowing river! giant of thy race,
Folding a continent in thine embrace;
In stately pride thou barest on thy breast,
The swelling commerce of the mighty west.
Bold cliffs and blooming verdure deck thy shore;
Unnumbered islets dot thy bosom o'er—
Lift their bright forms in beautiful array,
To bid thee welcome on thy winding way.

Majestic river! hast thou time defied?
Met'st thou no change since man beheld thy tide?
Where's now the light canoe and dusky maid,
That nightly o'er thy dimpled surface strayed,
To meet a lover in some quiet nook,
A chosen spot beside the murmuring brook;
Where lovers' vows and plighted faith were given,
Unheard by man, but registered in heaven?

Where the proud steamer plows thy mighty waves,
The red man's bark once bore their warrior "braves"
On to the conflict with an equal foe,
Who yielded not till death had laid them low.
Then to thy shore repaired the Indian bride,
With searching eye gazed out upon thy tide;
Amazed the while that thus her chief should stay,
Unconscious that on battle field he lay.

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The pale face came with stern, imperious air,
And drove the red man from thy borders fair;
With heavy hearts their last farewell they took,
Then turned again and cast one lingering look;
A bitter smile o'er mantled cheek and brow;
What thoughts disturb their rising bosoms now?
With face upturned to heaven, on bended knee,
Think'st thou, white man, that prayer was said for thee?

The red man gone! the white man now is lord;
His plow-share turns the smooth and grassy sward.
Where the wild hunter chased the deer and fawn,
Are seen broad fields of graceful bending corn.
Upon thy shores new towns and cities rise,
With towering steeples pointing to the skies;
Each has its votaries, each its rival nigh,
Who watches o'er it with a jealous eye.

Where once upon thy shore the wigwam stood,
The white man's halls are mirrored in thy flood.
Where the shrill war-whoop rose upon the air,
The church bell's chime now tells the hour for prayer.
Where council fires glared fiercely on the night,
Lighting the death-dance with its lurid light,
And dying groans were mocked with fiendish mirth,
The household meets around the genial hearth.

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Where once broad prairies, bounded by the sky,
In native grandeur rapt the wondering eye,
Rolling unbroken waves of living green;
Now farms enclosed, and village spires are seen.
Where beasts of prey roamed valley, brake and hill,
And howling wolves awoke the echoes shrill,
In leisure mood now graze the kine and sheep,
Or in cool shades their noon vistas keep.

Wild forest sons now view thy floods no more,
Dim is their trail along thy verdant shore;
Deep in thy wilds the cabin now is reared
With sturdy arm thy towering oaks are cleared.
The husbandman his daily toil pursues,
The merry milk-maids brush the morning dews;
While peace and plenty smile on every side,
And busy commerce plows thy rolling tide.

Great Mississippi! unsubdued thy wave!
Owning no bounds, save those that nature gave;
Spurning control, still fetterless and free,
Tho' man says, "here thine utmost limits be;
Half of thine ancient claims, henceforth, be thine;
The other half forever shall be mine;"
Thy chafing tide his arrogance confounds,
Through forced *crevasse* thou gain'st rightful bounds.

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INCENTIVES TO HONEST AMBITION.

—

Does honest wealth thy soul inflame?
Or would'st thou wear the wreath of fame?
Then mark the course thou would'st pursue,
Be firm and persevering too;
Shrink not, though "Alps on Alps arise,"
And seem to bar thee from the prize;
What man has done, thou too may'st do,
If to thyself and purpose true.

Should high and noble deeds inspire
Your heart, with patriotic fire,
To raise your voice, perchance your hand,
To serve with faith your cherished land,
In Senate chamber or in field,—
Be right, and truth, thy sword and shield;
Let love, with justice, there unite,
To scourge the wrong, protect the right.

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Should classic fields thy steps invite
And point thee to Parnassus' height;
Or still a higher aim be thine,
To delve each deep and hidden mine;
Seeking the philosophic stone,
Tho' sought by many, found by none;
Spare not the toils on history's page
Thy name shall stand from age to age.

Perchance unto thy hand 'tis given,
To guide our wandering steps to heaven,
Unfold to us the sacred truths,
Refresh thy flock with heav'nly dews,
Gird on the Gospel armor bright,
Wisdom with holy zeal unite,
Be heav'n born love the fairest gem,
Conspicuous in thy diadem.

When fever fires the throbbing vein,
Delirium seizes on the brain,
Or slow disease insidious creeps,
And steals the glow from beauty's cheeks,
If thou hast skill to stay the dart,
Which death has pointed at the heart,
Thy sympathies our prayers shall claim,
And noble deeds shall crown thy name.

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Should finer arts thy soul inspire,
Blending their bright poetic fire,
With beauty ideal, till radiance flings
O'er the charmed sense a spell, which brings
To thy enraptured gaze, the bright
Creation of the fancy's flight;
What Greeks have been, thou too, shalt be,
And Arts shall crown America.

Sons of Dædalmus! at whose will,
The car flies onward or is still,
The masts are set, the taut-trimm'd sail
Bids welcome to the fresh'ning gale;
Your country owes you wealth and fame,
The glory of an envied name;
O, may her voice, your names command,
On Fame's eternal roll to stand.

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THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

—

The church bell tolls a slow and mournful strain,
Another victim death has snatched away;
In solemn measure moves the funeral train,
Bequeaths to earth the cold and silent clay.

Death strikes the blow—the rich and poor alike
Bow down before his all resistless power;
The old, the young, in vain may ask respite,
The frost of death prostrates the fairest flower.

Youth hath no charms to stay the unerring dart,
Forever hushed is childhood's joyous mirth;
The mother views her darling babe depart,
And follows soon, to mingle with its earth.

When soon or late tne messenger arrives,
To claim the all, that unto him is given;
When we must bid farewell to earthly ties,
On spirit wings cleave yon expansive heaven

O, may no deep remorse retard our flight,
To yon bright world where all is peace and love;
Where kindred souls in harmony unite,
A happy household in that home above.

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ANSWER TO A RHYMING EPISTLE FROM A FRIEND.

DEAR FRIEND, these lines I now indite
To you without delay;
No doubt you'll be astonished quite,
To learn the letter you did write
Three months ago, got here last night,—
Where did the missive stray?

These mail-men; they do vex me so,
That I have half a mind,
Their tricks to Uncle Samuel show.
For I am sure he ought to know
Just how and where his mail bags go,
And have the fellows fined.

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I would not give a single straw
For all our public men,
Who make and execute the law.
But when they get into its claw,
Ne'er fail to find a ready flaw,
Where they creep out again.

Nor do I think they care a pin
For such as you and me;
Who do not take their bribes of gin,
Tho' we must suffer for their sin,
While they live on the public tin,
And get their letters free.

Dear Laura in the prints I find,
What may not be quite true;
But only for a hoax designed—
That way up North there's women kind,—
Designated the strong in mind,—
Who clamor for their due!

That is, to be from taxes free,
Or have a voice in framing
The laws by which they governed be,
The same as any bearded he,—
And really it does seem to me,
No more than right they're claiming.

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'Tis said in spite of jeer or frown,
The ladies do aspire,
To man's habile, that one Miss Brown,
Has laid aside the female gown—
Goes to conventions up and down,
Rigged out in male attire.

It must be such a funny sight,
To see this lady man;—
Pray, does it not the men affright,
To hear her talk of woman's right,
And boldly take it too, in spite
Of their dread frown and boasted might,
Just as a woman can?

And, Laura, I've been thinking we
Would very curious feel,
To have the famous General P.,
Come shaking hands with you and me,
While coaxing us to vote for he,
When we had promised oft to be
All right for Mistress Hale.

But in my ruminating fit,
I have been thinking too,
That should such women as do sit
Up there in your conventions, get
The reigns of government a bit,
They'd put the team straight through.

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Then careless men, who loll at ease,
  Who drink, and smoke, and chew,
And holding fast the mail bag keys,
Send letters when and where they please,
Will have to mind their Q's and P's—
  Or they will get their due!

My rugged, snarling, vengeful muse—
  Forgive me, Laura, dear—
But one does all their patience lose,
To be defrauded of their news,
By men who do just as they choose,
  As mail-men do down here.

And Laura, it is my desire,
  To hear from you again,
O strike once more thy sweet toned lyre,
So shall its melody inspire,
  In mine a loftier strain.

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SECRETS.

—

If you have secrets, do not them reveal,
In your own bosom they will safe remain;
But should a friend the casket there unseal,
Your treasure's gone! to ask it back were vain!

Behold the shapes and colors it receives!
Think not to know it, should it cross thy way;
Polluted by each envious breath that breathes,
Until, like all things, it hath passed away.

Too many secrets stored in memory's cell,
Be they of doubtful character, may burn;
Consuming happiness; a living hell;—
Would'st 'scape the evil? then this lesson learn:

Deal with the world, as thou would'st have it deal
With thee, and thine—the truth is very plain;
Thy breast will then no secret burthen feel,
Which must be sacrificed, relief to gain.

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A SABBATH IN ATTACAPAS.

—

It is the holy Sabbath morn,
I hear the mattin bell;
And many footsteps hurrying past,
Their prayers and beads to tell.
I see the chapel and the cross,
But cannot worship there,
Where man, to graven images,
Bows down in humble prayer.

It is the holy Sabbath noon,
Now closed the chapel gate;
But open wide is the saloon,
Where dice and billiards wait.
The ruby wine is circling fast,
And those who knelt in prayer,
Before their saints, and morning mass,
Now kneel to Bacchus there.

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It is the holy Sabbath eve,
A sound has met mine ear;
It is the merry dancers' feet,
And music light I hear.
Upon the light fantastic toe,
They trip the hours away,
Thus closing out the bill of fare,
For this most holy day.

Good, pious, orthodox, are men,
And what to me looks queer,
They give, with no unsparing ha
To missionaries here,
And bid them haste to foreign lands,
While good men for them pray,
To teach the Sandwich Islanders
To keep the Sabbath day.

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SONNET TO FRIENDSHIP.

THERE is a something steals into the heart,
When on life's journey kindred spirits meet,
And soul with soul enjoys communion sweet,
Unseen, unknown to passion's ruder art,
And bears not of the outer world a part;
Not fickle, like the blustering winds, nor fleet
As drifting clouds, when howling tempests beat,
Nor like the dazzling rays the heavens impart.
No, not like these, but like the gentle dew,
That noiselessly comes stealing from the skies,
And brightens up the flowret's fading hue,
With cooling breath, the drooping plant revives,
To pining nature giving life anew,
'Tis that delight which blessed friendship gives.

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WINTER.

—

Old Winter comes with stately tread, his locks all white with snow;
The cares of many thousand years are stamped upon his brow;
But yet he bears his icy chains as firmly as of yore;
The lakelets fair and icy streams, how smooth he's glazed them o'er.

He sends his fickle winds abroad, in all their changing forms;
Now mild and soft the gentle breeze, now burst the raging storms;
The lingering flowers, in modest bloom, shrink from his chilling blast,
And lowly on their mother earth, their drooping forms are cast.

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The blush he paints on beauty's cheek, might shame
the summer rose;
A robe of pure and spotless white o'er all the earth
he throws;
All huntsman-like he blows his horn, forth rush the
youthful train,
And ringing bells and merry shouts are echoed o'er
the plain.

See that bright blaze of dazzling light in yonder man-
sion fair;
They tell the gay and glittering crowd, that mirth
and joy are there;
Behold that fair and queen-like form bedecked with
jewels bright,
That spotless wreath upon her brow proclaims her
bridal night.

That manly form with noble air, who stands beside
her now,
With truth and love impressed upon his broad and
open brow,
Has won a bright and lovely gem, that many sought
to wear;
O, may he cherish well the prize so worthy of his care.

Now love's protecting arm is thrown around that gen-
tle form,

Digitized by Google

She heedeth not the biting blast, she heedeth not
the storm.
Let winter's frown be dark and drear, his sky with
clouds o'ercast;
The heart with true affection warmed defies his chill-
ing blast.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MR. S——.

The stately oak has fallen, and disentwined,
The gentle ivy bruised and drooping lies;
No more its bleeding tendrils love shall bind,
No more its bloom shall gladden anxious eyes.

Relentless Death! could'st not thy hand forbear
To rend that holy bond of union dear?
Nor thy insatiate dart a father spare,
When helpless ones implored thy pitying care?

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Oh could'st thou not revoke that stern decree,
That snatched from earth a husband, father, friend;
Which crushed the ivy as it fell'd the tree,
And made the pliant shoots in sorrow bend?

Ah! now forbid them not to weep, to sigh—
'Tis better thus, than hoard their bitter woe;
For silent grief hath deeper agony—
The o'er-charged heart must break or overflow.

Time cannot heal the wound—oblivion fling
Its mantle o'er the memory of the dead;
But on that urn—affection's offering,—
The drooping vine its autumn leaves will shed.

Tho' not on earth, 'twill bloom in worlds above,
Reviving there no more to droop and die;
Where bathed in dews in sweet celestial love,
'Twill waft its fragrance through immensity.

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ON THE DEATH OF MRS. S——.

No more that sweetly trusting vine
Shall gladden earth with flowers;
Transplanted now to other climes,
It blooms in Eden's bowers.

Torn from the tree that sheltered it
From the too chilling blast,
It drooped, and low upon the earth,
Its blighted form is cast.

No more a mother's gentle voice,
Shall bless her household dear;
No more her loving lips shall kiss
Away the blinding tear.

Those little ones now left alone,
To brave life's many cares,
Oh! who will guard their footsteps now
From folly's tempting snares?

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Thou who know'st all the ways of earth,
Like us have tempted been;
Though thou did'st not offend, O, Lord!
Forgive them if they sin.

And through this darksome vale below,
Their guide and shepherd be;
And when their trials here are past,
O take them home to thee!

I HAVE NO KINDRED THERE.

I VIEW the place where grandsire lived
In days long past and gone,
Where oft in childish glee I ran
To meet him on the lawn,
And climbed upon his trembling knee,
To smooth his silvery hair;
Oh, they were happy days, but now
I have no kindred there.

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The grand old elms that rear their forms
Beside the dusty way,
They are the same within whose shades
I loved so much to play,
Where all in rows on shelves I placed
Small bits of earthern ware;
I wonder if the children now
Do build play houses there.

I know the brook that ripples by,
Just underneath the hill;
We called it "great," but now it seems
Scarce larger than a rill;
Yet much has changed, these snowy walls
That in the sunlight glare,
Looked weather beaten, brown and old
When I had kindred there.

I see it not the grassy lane,
Nor yet the rude old gate,
Where oft my infant call has made
My dear old grandsire wait
Until he promised I might go
With him to seek the kine,
So I could gather daisies fair,
His snowy locks to twine.

Digitized by Google

I used to know the barn so old,
That stood across the way,
And know just where the cows were tied;
And where they mowed the hay;
But this that looke so nice and new,
Built on the very spot,
Where once my father's cottage stood,
Ah me, I know it not.

By stranger hands has been removed
The cot where I was born,
The mansion where my grandsire lived,
Now stranger hands adorn;
It makes me sad, tho' not to see
Its painted walls so fair,
Nor do I grieve alone that I
Have now no kindred there.

But 'tis to know the fate of him
To whom that mansion fell,
Who, poor and wretched, wanders now,
As did the prodigal;
And would'st thou learn the cause that wrought
The ruin I deplore,
Look where yon creaking sign-board swings,
And thou need ask no more.

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Long ere I saw the light of day,
It was the haunt of sin;
There hundreds have their birthrights sold
For a foul glass of gin.
Men could not look upon the wine,
And 'scape its trecherous snare,
But drank and fell, and this is why
I have no kindred there.

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THE BLIND GIRL.

—

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE CRESCENT CITY, MAY, 1854.

—

Her soft and melancholy eyes
Were meekly turned to earth:
She seemed an angel from the skies,
And not of mortal birth.

Fair as the virgin lily's bloom,
When first its spotless leaves
Unfold their wealth of sweet perfume
To scent the summer breeze.

I gazed upon her sweet young face,
Her eyes were raised to me;
I smiled, she seemed to heed it not,
Alas! she could not see!

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My heart grew sick, and to my eyes
The tears unbidden rose;
Tho' parting pangs had left them dry,
They filled at others' woes.

I thought how all the buds and flowers
That make the earth so bright,
The birds that wanton in the bowers
Were hidden from her sight.

How sweet affection's smiles, whose light,
Like sunbeams cheer the heart,
May never to her clouded sight,
Their light of love impart.

I thought of the long cheerless night,
That ne'er will pass away,
Until a bright and heavenly light
Proclaims eternal day.

I saw her join the merry throng,
And smile with those who smiled;
Her soul gushed out in joyous song,
She seemed a happy child.

I felt condemned, for oft to heaven
I've turned repiningly,
When I have seen to others given
Some gift withheld from me.

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Great God! I'll thank thee evermore
That thou hast given me sight;
Oh, what were beauty wealth and power,
Without thy blessed light.

THE HOMICIDE.

"And they shall drink and be moved, and be mad."
Bible.

Blithe as birds in early springtime,
When they sweetest notes prolong,
Pouring out their souls in gladness,
Was the lovely Cora's song:

Lay her maiden-love's first blushes
On her cheek in sweet repose,
Like the radiant tint of morning,
Mantling on the virgin rose.

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Brilliant as the orb that's flinging
Golden arrows from the sky;
Was the soul of beauty beaming
From the azure of her eye.

Not one note of sadness mingled
With the music of her strain,
As the light and mellow cadence
Trembling thro' her lattice came.

Her's alone the joyous measure
Of a heart unknowing care,
Half revealing the dear secret
Of an idol cherished there.

Ere her guileless nature taught her
All the joys she could impart,
Love had painted a bright future,
On the tablet of her heart.

Happy Ernest! thine the treasure
Of a maiden's earliest love;
Pure and holy as the seraph's
Watching o'er us from above.

Yes, from many a noble suitor,
Ernest bore the lovely prize,
Hope was kindling in her bosom;
Love was radiant in her eyes.

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Pledged he to her man's protection,
From the world's unequal strife,
And she saw the blissful future
Of a young and trusting wife.

Forth they went on life's rough journey;
Proud was Ernest of his bride,
From their flow'ry path of pleasure
Every thorn he thrust aside.

Happy Cora! happy Ernest!
When before their gladden'd sight
Lay a fair and precious jewel,
On love's alter passing bright.

Years pass by—and what of Cora?
What of Earnest's solemn vow?
Years pass by—Ah! wouldst thou trace them!
Gaze upon that mother's brow.

Read those lines of bitter anguish;
Record of a broken heart;
For the hand that should have bound it,
Tore its bleeding links apart.

All her young affections blighted,
All her deeper fondness spurned,
'Till the watchfire on love's altar
Like a waning tapor burned;

Digitized by Google

And the stream, forced to the fountain,
Must have burst its narrow bound,
Had not woman's strong affection
In her child a channel found.

The last earthly hope remaining
To that weeping mother now,
Is the noble boy, beside her,
With his father's open brow.

And the deep and ardent feeling,
Beaming from his soul-lit eye,
Seems a bright reflection given,
Of the happy days gone by.

Ere her noble hearted Ernest
To the fatal cup had flown,
And the brilliant ray of reason
Faded on its god-like throne.

Ernest comes, but no light footstep
Flies to meet him at the door;
No fond kiss of welcome greets him,—
Cora smiles on him no more.

For her soul has lost its gladness,
Pierced by many a cruel dart,
And her gentle look, half pleading,
Half upbraiding, stung his heart.

Digitized by Google

See the phrensied eye-balls gleaming!
Mark the dire intent they show!
Like a deadly serpent writhing,
Ere it gives the fatal blow.

Vain thy tears and idle prayer;
Cora from the demon fly!
'*Tis not* Ernest stands before thee,
With that hand uplifted high.

Closely clung the little prattler
To his mother's trembling knee,
"Father, father, do not strike her!
Mother, mother, speak to me!"

Yes she speaks! but 'tis the whisper
Of a sainted being mild,
Breathing as it heavenward rises
"I will guard my orphan child."

Thou who hast the wine cup given,
Thy accursed work behold!
Can'st thou ask of righteous Heaven—
There to have thy name enroll'd?

Yes thou—*man* I will not call thee;
Lost to shame, now man no more!
All thy finer feelings bartered
For a little shining ore.

Digitized by Google

Can'st thou seek thy nightly slumbers
And not hear the orphans cry!
Does no homicide appal thee,
With his wild accursing eye?

God of mercy! God of justice!
Must thy precepts be reviled,
And thy earth, so fair and lovely,
By such beings be defiled.

TO EVA IN HEAVEN.

SWEET EVA! Blessed child of Heaven,
When from the earth thou did'st depart,
How painfully the cords were riven,
That bound thee to a mother's heart.

Thou had'st a seraph's form below,
That shrank an earthly stain to wear
One draught of pain, one sight of woe,
Was all thy gentle soul could bear.

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Thy dark and spirit-lighted eyes
Outshone the fairest orbs of night;
O is there aught in Paradise
More pure, more beautifully bright?

Do angels love thee more than they—
The guardians of thine infancy—
Whose love was strengthened day by day,
Until they almost worshiped thee?

Yes, worshiped thee! is it a sin
To worship aught that God has given,
So good and pure our hearts to win,
And lift the groveling thoughts to heaven?

To Heaven, where clothed in purest white,
Thy stainless spirit waiteth now,
To guide thy mother's upward flight,
And place the star-crown on her brow?

Do angels sometimes leave their sphere,
Bearing sweet messages of love?
Is it some spirit voice we hear,
Telling of happiness above?

Oh, do they ever yearn for those
Who tread the thorny ways of life,
Whose hearts are steeped in earthly woes,
Whose souls are weary of the strife?

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Ah yes! methinks some lost one dear,
When pain and sorrow fills the breast,
A guardian angel hovers near
To soothe the spirit into rest.

O, blessed faith, I would not part
With thee for all the gems of earth;
Without thy light to cheer my heart,
This lease on life were little worth.

Oh, keep the skeptic's fearful weight
Of nothingness from off my soul;
His cold philosophy I hate
And scorn his Reason's mad control.

And who that gazed upon thy brow,
Sweet, gentle Eva, dares to say
That one so beautiful as thou,
Wert nothing but a mass of clay!

Away! thou sacrilegious thought,
For Eva's spirit-voice I hear,
Approving all the prophets taught
Of life in yon immortal sphere.

Let me no more at ills repine,
While in this sinful world I stay,
When gentle spirits pure as thine,
Are blessed guardians of my way.

Digitized by Google

A few short years of trials o'er,
And they who mourn their Eva dead,
Will join their loved one gone before,
Where parting tears no more are shed.

LETTERS.

These letters from our absent friends,
What pleasure they impart;
Like sun beams dropping through the clouds,
They fall upon the heart.

Who hath not felt a thrill of joy
Vibrating through the frame,
When glancing o'er those missives dear,
They read some cherished name?

Digitized by Google

Tho' far removed from kindred dear
Our dwelling place may be,
We feel that through this channel flows
A kindly sympathy.

And know that friendship liveth still,
In the cold haunts of men;
That distance cannot, from our hearts,
Unbind its mystic chain.

When doubts and fears disturb the breast,
They come on noiseless wing,
And soothe the spirit into rest,
With the glad news they bring.

O, I would feel the parting pang,
And weep the parting tear,
To live those blissful hours which come,
With each fond missive dear.

Digitized by Google

THIS WESTERN LAND OF OURS.

—

INSCRIBED TO A—— O——.

—

Fair bard ! I pray thee, hither come, 'twill cheer
thy sadden'd muse;
Come roam with me o'er grassy lawns, bright with
the morning dews;
We'll wander by the murmuring rill and cull the
sweet spring flowers;
This is the land for poets' dreams, this western land
of ours.

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My home is on the distant shore of Mississippi's tide,
And many a league of hill and dale our cherished
hearths divide;
I know thou lov'st thine own fair streams and all thy
woodland bowers,
But they can ne'er inspire thy harp, like this bright
land of ours.

The prairie grass waves in the breeze and wafts a
sweet perfume,
From many a wild and lovely gem, that midst the
tassels bloom;
Here the proud eagle plumes his wing, as mid the
clouds he towers;
No land so rich, in poet's themes, as this fair land of
ours.
The white swan skims the glassy lake in buoyancy
and pride,
The wild goose seeks her downy nest, while hovering
near her side
Her watchful mate his vigils keep, to warn when
danger lowers;
Fresh from the hand of nature seems this western
land of ours.

But we have many villages decked out in gay attires,
With whitened walls, and shady walks, and golden
pointed spires;

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While deep within our forest's shade the grim wolf
fiercely cowers,
Thus art and nature seem at strife in this fair land of
ours.

I ween there is a shade of gloom, around thy spirits
cast;
Then come and string thy harp anew, dwell not
upon the past;
I'll tell thee many a border tale, to while away the
hours;
This is the land for poets' dreams, this western land
of ours.

THREE SCORE AND TEN.

Our span of life, by the Creator given,
Is just ten years, when added to three score;
O! who would doubt the wise decree of heaven,
And be responsible for any more?

Three score and ten, all said—no waste of time,
To be made good, to idle loiterers here;
When lived according to the great design,
We have no need to ask another year.

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But those who, like the thriftless servant, hide
Their talent in the earth, and spend the day
In sloth or folly, must their reconing bide—
Lose principal, when interest none to pay.

To live our time—and live it well were wise,
And be prepared to have the curtain fall;
If bad the act, enough, the audience cries!
'Twere better, had we never lived at all.

New scenes, new actors will appear to claim
The world's applause—the aged must recede,
And like old rubbish in the garret lain,
Feel how neglect time's ravages can speed.

When seventy years of drama shall expire,
The art of pleasing, like my ear is fled;
Then would I close the audit, and retire
Within the house of refuge for the dead.

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A VISION.

—

One night, when the storm-god was out serenading,
Rousing up snow-flakes for many a mile,
Old Boreas, the mischief, abetting and aiding,
Tuned up his pipes in a true northern style.

While the elements raved in their fury around me,
I lighted my taper—went shivering to bed;
Soft slumber soon folded its pinions around me,
And put this strange vision of bliss in my head:—

Methought, far away, I was borne to a bower, [bloom;
In the bright sunny south, where the orange-groves
Where the rose-tree, biferous, uncloses its flower,
Lading the breeze with delicious perfume.

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In a grotto near by, the soft zephyrs were wooing
The queenly magnolia and jessamine fair;
While the turtle-dove listen'd its mate's gentle cooing
The mocking-bird rang the love-tale on the air.

The breezes came out from their caves in the ocean,
To dance with the sunbeams and play with the leaves;
Giving health to the season—a light graceful motion
To the rich flowing drapery that hung from the trees.

So bright was the landscape—so perfect in beauty,
I thought that if angels were given to earth,
To teach fallen man the way of his duty,
Here, here was the glorious home of their birth.

A form stood before me, my vision entrancing,
And led me away to a temple of gold,
Where the tropical sun, in its splendor was glancing
On brilliants that dazzled my sight to behold.

I turned to my guide, on whose brow was reflected
The gentle compassion of seraphs above,
"To three noble atributes this shrine is erected,
The temple of Honor, of Friendship and Love."

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Ah! here I would worship, in humble devotion;
Let me pour out my soul in thanksgiving and prayer;
And I flew to its portals, with joyful emotions,
To lay all my dearest heart-offerings there.

THE ROBIN'S LAMENT.

When wintry winds had spent their force
And spring returned, gay, smiling,
A wanderer from the wild wood came,
And perched him near my dwelling;
I had seen him there in other days,
His mate was near him keeping,
But now he came all sad and lone,
His voice was hoarse with weeping.

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He sat him there, on the old elm tree,
The sun was brightly shining;
And told his wrongs to the passing breeze,
In sad but sweet repining.
Said he, when last I left those fields,
My heart with hope o'erflowing,
My mate sang sweetly by my side,
Her smooth crest richly glowing.

One morn while perched on a slender bough,
Our hopes and love a telling,
A huntsman came with dog and gun,
Within our leafy dwelling;
He saw us there, in all our pride,
His aim then quickly taking,
He pierced my true love to the heart,
Now mine is slowly breaking!

Why came he to our happy home,
That fair and cloudless morning,
To tear my true love from my side,
And fill my heart with mourning?
No mate has come with me to-day,
No mate will come to-morrow;
Ah! what to him was thoughtless sport,
To me is keenest sorrow!

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THE LONE ORPHAN.

—

A voice as of wailing falls harsh on my ear;
The lone orphan weeps o'er the death-ladened bier,
For the Plague is abroad with his poisonous dart,
And has torn with his shaft the last tie from her heart.

Oh! why is she left all alone in the strife,
To stem the rough tide on the ocean of life?
No charm now has earth to dispel the dark gloom,
For the last of her kindred is borne to the tomb.

The voices of spring-birds ring out a wild glee,
While merrily skipping from turret to tree;
But the death-bell is ringing a dirge on her ear,
And she hears not their mirth-breathing music so clear.

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The sun-beams are kissing the buds into bloom,
Which laden the breeze with their wealth of perfume;
But she culls not bright flowers to twine on her brow,
For a dark wreath of cypress encircles it now.

Ye bright flowing streamlets, your murmur forbear!
Let the cataract join in her wail of despair!
Sing your soft lulling strains 'neath the bower of mirth,
But mock not a spirit that's crush'd to the earth!

Ye balm-breathing zephyrs, your care is in vain;
Never more the bright health-glow, her pale cheeks shall stain.
Ye may whisper your love-tales and sport with each tress,
But she hears not your words—she feels not your caress.

O, 'tis not the beaming of joy in her eye,
Tho' its lustre is dazzling—its drooping lids dry;
For a heart-sorrow burns in its feverish glow,
And her tear-drops are feeding the chalice below.

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HELP ALL.

—

To the faint pilgrim lend a helping hand,
Yea, help along the way-worn and oppress'd,
Till they shall enter on that promised land,
Where trials end and weariness finds rest.
Help the lone widow in her hour of need,
The orphan, in its loneliness and woe;
The glad millenium thy works will speed,
When peace and love shall reign supreme below.

Help with a soothing word, a kindly smile,
For smiles and words oft warm the hearts grown cold;
And you, who wealth and plenty boast the while,
Give, with kind words, a portion of your gold;
So shall you lay up treasures in the skies,
Where moth, nor rust, nor thieves shall spoil your store;
Adding, perpetual, to those rich supplies,
Which will not fail when time shall be no more.

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LINES

SUGGESTED WHILE VISITING THE TOMB OF THREE SISTERS.

Soft be your slumbers in this narrow bed,
Where no harsh discord grates upon the ear;
From pain and woe your spirits early fled
To join the blest in yon immortal sphere.

I would not wake you from your dreamless sleep,
Nor call you back to tread life's thorny way,
Where sinless angels their soft watches keep—
No evil comes to lead the thoughts astray.

A few short years ye trode this chequered vale,
Searching in vain for joy's unclouded beams,
Where breezes murmur and the rude winds wail,
And flow'ry paths cross dark and turbid streams.

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Ye cull'd the flowers and launched upon the waves,
Felt the warm breezes and the cold winds blow;
Knew ere you reached the threshold of your graves
That earthly joy had its alloy of woe.

Such are the terms that mortals must abide—
Our cup of pleasure must be bought with pain;
But ye, scarce tasting, put the draught aside—
Quit earthly joys immortal bliss to gain.

And while I muse above your lowly bed,
Planted with flowers by sweet affection's hand,
I long to rest my weary, aching head,
And join your spirits in that better land.

'Tis well to plant above the silent tomb,
Where loved ones to the preying worms are given
Earth's brightest flowers to chase away its gloom,
And teach us cheerfully to trust in heaven.

Yet when I sleep that long and dreamless sleep,
Let the green turf above my dust be spread;
Nature alone her tireless watches keep;
Bedew with tears my nameless, narrow bed.

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Yes, leave me with kind nature and my God—
They have been friends even when none else were found;
Let zephyrs weep, and wild flowers deck my sod;
But to the world let it be unknown ground.

But I would not forget ye, sisters three,
Who calmly sleep within this narrow bed,
But oft beneath the weeping-willow tree
Pray for the living—think upon the dead.

A TRIBUTE.

DEAR READER, my rhyming I pray thee excuse,
'Tis a fanciful freak of my untutor'd muse;—
And should my Pegassus prove rather amate,
Remember he has not been stall-fed of late,
But turned out to graze on the Bayou Teche,
Free from the city's imperious lash.
I left the city on a very fine steamer,

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My head full of fancies, like any wild dreamer; [ing,
I thought of the South, with its orange groves bloom-
Its jessamines sweetly the zephyrs perfuming,—
Its noble magnolias, unrivaled in beauty—
And fair Creole maidens as blooming and pretty—
With cactuses glowing in rich native charms,
And massive live-oaks with their outspreading arms,
A wooing the breezes all fresh from the bay,
With their loose flowing drap'ry, coquettish to play.
Such fancies, with many more just as capricious,
Made my spirits quite buoyant, my trip most delicious;
So my journey was pleasant, as most journeys are,
When we borrow no trouble and fling away care;
Dame fortune for once deigned to use me genteelly,
Save that the *pocket* was taxed rather freely.
But whew! did a monster so fearfully great
As a live alligator get into my pate? [rations;
And musquetoes! dear me, how they fight for their
I wonder some Yankee, bent on speculations,
Had never a thought among other things rare,
Of taking a swarm to the London world's fair;
There might be a profit in free exportation,
And we have enough for the whole British nation.
With every variety could furnish the shipper,
From the sharp little greys to the fierce galinipper.
They would answer John Bull for concerts or leeches,
Or keep him awake to hear stupid speeches;
For when lordly wit failed to break his repose,

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The sly little fellows would just tap his nose.
Hail, land of adoption! Attacapa's shore!
Live thou immortal! O, live evermore!
Hail to the South! with its chivalrous spirit,—
May its children their forefathers' frankness inherit.
The north-land may boast of its rich wheat-fields nodding,
The Yankees their nutmegs and niee hasty pudding;
Yet wheat-cakes or puddings they hardly could eat,
Without our molasses to make them all sweet;—
And but for the cotton we raise on our lands,
Their girls would have nothing to do with their hands.
Let the East and the North boast their Casses and Websters,
Clays, Bentons, and all their political dabsters,
Our Southrons can beat their best men all to smash,
And if not up "Salt river," can row them up Teche.
They may boast of their beauties so charming and sweet,
And their matronly housewives so active and neat;
But beauty blooms not so exquisitely fair,
Nor matrons such grace and true dignity wear,
As in this fair luxurious clime, where the glow
Of a tropical sun gilds each object below.
Yes, land of adoption, now rest thou in peace,
Thy name is immortal—immortal as Greece—
And thou lovely Teche, ye shall live in my lay,
When the rocks of Niagara have wasted away.

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SOLILOQUY.

—

Be still! my restless thoughts, be still!
Rest here, obedient to my will!
Why would'st thou roam?
Is it an ardent wish to find
Food more congenial to thy mind?
Nay! curb thy fancy, be resigned
To thine own home.

Aim not to reach a higher sphere,
To make thee less contented here;
For thee 'tis not
To roam o'er history's well stored page,
Mid ancient lore and wisdom sage,
Glean intellectual food t'assuage
Aspiring thought.

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Then rest thee in thy fitting place,
That which thy poverty should grace,
Thy toils prolong.
Science's bright gem is not for thee,
Nature's poor gifts are proffered free;
Accept her boon, nor sigh to be
A child of song.

Gaze on Parnassus' dazzling height;
But should its charms thy steps invite,
Forbear! forbear!
Content thee in thy sterile field,
The broom, the distaff, humbly wield;
Be poesy forever sealed,
Above thee there.

Oh wretched doom! And must it be!
Am I thus destined ne'er to see
That blessed height,
Where classic lore the soul inspires,
With flashing thoughts, poetic fires,
Which kindling, glowing, ne'er expires,
But ever bright?

Fed from an inexhaustless source,
Onward and upward in his course,
Pegassus speeds.
Nor pauses till he gains that site,

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On fair Parnassus' dazzling height,
Where honored Fame is wont to write
. Our noblest deeds.

MY EARLY FRIENDS.

—

I love to muse at twilight hour,
When heaven's blue arch is clear and bright;
Where one by one the stars appear,
Like silent worshipers of night.
Then memory, on thought's magic wings,
Flies quickly back o'er time and space;
And mid the fancied group it brings,
The forms of early friends I trace.

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Tho' now life's year is on the wane,
And long, long past, are childhood's hours;
My early friends! ye still remain
In memory's vase, the brightest flowers.
Though many have been treasured there,
That bloomed along life's thorny way
In later years, with promise fair,
They've been the earliest to decay.

I seem to view each pleasant scene,
That made our youthful spirits light,
When skipping o'er the meadow's green,
We culled the butter-cups so bright;
Then in our wild and childish glee,
The blooming flowret gently prest
Against the fair young cheek, to see
What fortune its bright hue exprest.

For then, in our simplicity,
We deemed that fair and golden flower
Could shadow forth life's destiny,
And sought its necromancing power.
Like youthful hopes, it ever told
A tale that lit each sunny brow
Of future happiness—of gold!
Alas! why are we wiser now!

My early friends! my early friends!
Do ye recall those happy hours?

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Or have they faded from the mind,
As fades the early spring-time flowers?
Our youthful friendship! has it been
Amid the cares of time forgot—
A bubble lost upon life's stream?
Ah, no! I will believe it not!

TO THE EPIDEMIC, SEPTEMBER 30, 1854.

Fell scourge! with venom'd breath and hungry maw,
Holding thy carnivals by day and night,
In towns and cities thronged; yet thou art still
Unsatisfied, though drunken with debauch!
Why desolate our fair and sunny land?
And in its bright, green orange-bowers, awake
The piercing wail of wo? Our pride of cities make

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One vast gorged charnel-house, till every breeze,
That should waft odors from the surcharged flowers,
Stagnates with thy foul pestilential breath!
Cities suffice thee not, with their vast crowds
Of hapless victims, daily sacrificed
To heap thy banquets—swell thy hecatombs;
Thou must have more, to feast thy gluttony!
More tears to quench thy deep, insatiate thirst!
More lamentations for thy revelries!
And reeking with debauch thou goest forth,
Crying "Give! give!" and hamlets feel
Thy hot, infectious breath, with pallid fear,—
Sicken and die! or fly in wild alarm.
Alas, how oft in vain! for have they not
Looked on thy hateful form? It is enough!

Black, pitiless scourge! hast thou not yet enough
To gorge thee unto death, that thou art come
From thy rich banquet on the busy coast,
To the fair banks of Teche, to snatch from us
Our household gods—our homes make desolate
With thy rapaciousness? Away! back! back!
We have no victims for thee; take but one,
And for that one some kindred heart must bleed.
What! still upon thy mad, foul purpose bent?
Wilt have no mercy? None? but take the last
From that late happy home? Can'st thou not rest,
Till our fair village feels thy fiery scourge,

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And weeps with those that weep? Or why outspread
Thine arms on every side, as if in fear
That we may 'scape thy wrath?
Defy man's skill,
Thou seething, loathsome scourge! Feast on beauty,
On infancy and age; till the fair South
Grows hoarse with weeping; and her placid streams
Are swollen with her tears—her cemet'ries
More crowded than her marts; yet thou must die,
Or back to thy foul, generating dens,
Amid the fervid isles, in haste retreat,
Before the Northern gale. And see! it comes,
Checking thy mad career! Snatch quick!
Or thou wilt leave inviolate one spot,
One little spot, where thankful, joyous hearts
Will make strange discords to the notes of woe,
That fill our weeping land.
Yet may it be;
May heaven in mercy spare the fearful blow
That threatens us. I know that we have sinned,
Yea, deeply sinned—have made us gods of earth,
And worshiped them in vanity and pride.
Broken thy righteous laws, O God! and spurned
Thy blessed commandments in our selfishness;
Yet Oh, forgive! and stay the frightful scourge
Which girts us all about, and ready seems
To add us to the victims of its wrath.
Send forth the winds from the cold, icy North,

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And sweep this pestilence from our fair land;
Then will our hearts rejoice, our voice raise
In gratitude and praise, O God! to thee.

POLICY.

What is this thing called Policy, that we must use, to gain
Applauses from the gaping crowd, the praise of selfish men?
Is it the beauteous form of truth, or that of foul deceit,
Wrapped in a comely mantle, our fellow men to cheat?

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Say, does it prompt the noble soul its freedom to maintain,
Or make it crouch to slavery, in Falsehood's dark domain?
Will it assist us to ascend that fair and blessed height
Where wisdom, truth and justice sit arrayed in golden light?

Does homage gained by policy, the breast with rapture thrill,
Or in its self-abasement, a guilty conscience feel?
Will it buy friendship unalloyed, or but its semblance mean,
From impure passions cleanse the heart, or make it more unclean?

I know 'tis chaste and delicate—this smooth word, POLICY,
And grates not harshly on the ear, as does hypocrisy;
But yet, some how, I always shrink with an instinctive fear,
When these soft words, *use policy*, are whispered in my ear.

Tho' some may deem them harmless, when used for righteous ends,
And say, "though foul the means may be, the end will make amends;"

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And though the voice be kind and smooth, that does
the words repeat,
To me it smacks of selfishness, of falsehood and deceit.

And Policy! thou wert to me an unfamiliar word,
When from my honored parents' lips, the moral law
I heard;
By precept, and example too, this lesson I was taught:
Let *Principle* the basis be, of every act and thought.
When men look wondrous wise, and say, 'tis better
not to tell,
But keep your cogitations closely locked within their
cell,
Lest with the grave opinions of your neighbor they
should crash,
Who's honored less for wisdom, than for potency of
cash,

A sense of scorn and pity, I can but for them feel—
Who, lest the world should laugh or frown, dare not
their minds reveal;
Nor do I envy those their thoughts, who turn from
"gold to gray,"
And in their little heads find room to store them all
away.

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THE WORLD IS COLD.

—

The world is cold, it hath been oftimes said,
The way of life with thorns and brambles spread,
That weary pilgrims cannot shun to tread!
Who makes it cold?

Look on the lovely buds and blossoms gay,
The bright green earth, where golden sun-beams play;
Ay! look abroad, then answer me and say
Who makes it cold?

Oh! is it He who makes the sun to shine,
Portrays the beautiful in each design,
Where tints in softest harmony combine?
He make it cold?

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He who has made that orb of mellow light,
Each brilliant planet with its satellite,
To shine upon the earth and bless the night,
He make it cold!

No, no! ye base-born worshiper of gold,
Who, for a penny, all your honor sold,
Unfeeling tyrant! you who make it cold,
Or would do so.

Yes, heartless purse-proud craven that thou art!
Who bid the starving poor unalmsed depart,
And wring, with thy cold gripe, the widow's heart,
You make it cold!

Yet this fair earth hath many a genial ray,
To cheer the toil-worn pilgrim on his way,
Your grasping avarice cannot take away,
Nor breath make cold!

Grind down the poor, the earth is not less bright;
Make orphans weep, in heaven there still is light!
Hope in the bosom that ye cannot blight;
Thank heaven! no!

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TO A BEE ON MY WINDOW EARLY IN FEBRUARY.

—

Why hast thou wandered from thy hive,
Thou little busy bee?
No lovely flowers have yet appeared,
To cheer and welcome thee.
Could'st thou not wait till nature doff'd
Her sable robe of grief,
And round young Flora's sunny brow
Entwined her violet wreath?

Methinks I hear thee murmuring say,
"There came to my sweet home
A gentlz wooer, false, tho' fair,
And lured me forth to roam.
Alas! for earth-born happiness!
A chilling blast swept by,
And I have sought thy window pane
To tell my grief, and die!"

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Ah! thine poor bee, is but the fate
Of maidens who believe
And trust in man's delusive smile,
Ay, trust—and are deceived;
And ah! too soon, like thee, they learn,
The smile that led astray,
Hath cheated like a summer's sun
On this chill winter day.

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

Star-light was beaming in magical splendor,
Down from the arch of a clear southern sky,
When a fair maiden, all lovely and tender,
Gazed from her lattice with tear-moistened eye.

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Long gazed she there on the landscape before her,
Through night's cheating shadows that chequered the lawn,
Till, wearied with watching, soft slumbers came o'er her,
And twice from this dream she awoke ere the dawn.

'Twas the form of her lover—his dark eye was beaming
With visions of glory that glow'd on the breast;
From a wound in his side, the life-blood was streaming;
And thus the fair maiden, the spirit address'd:

"Dear Clara, I come from that isle in the ocean—
That isle where the beautiful know not the brave—
Where shame and contempt is the merited portion
Of souls that might humble the form of the slave.

"I heard thy fond pleading and hastened to meet thee,
To soothe the deep anguish that furrows thy cheeks;
O, gaze not thus wildly, dear Clara, upon me,
And blanch not with fear, 'tis thy lover who speaks.

"Far, far away, is my mangled corse lying,
Cold is the bosom that liberty warmed;—
Where bravely I fell, and fearless, ere dying,
The flag of the coward my lips proudly spurned.

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"To a tyrant's base minion, I scorned to surrender,
Death I could meet, but not bow to a slave—
I died! and long, long, may the Spaniard remember
The lesson that one noble patriot gave.

"Cease, dearest Clara, thy sad vigils keeping,
Soon thou shalt join me in mansions above;
There shall thine eyes wear no traces of weeping,
Nor thy bosom lament for its murdered love."

One icy kiss from the pale lips above her,
One cold embrace in the arms of the dead—
The maiden awoke, but the form of her lover,
Quick from her fear-startled slumber had fled!

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SHADES OF THE PAST.

—

SHADES of the past! why do ye haunt my brain
With your incessant revelry? Away!
And leave the time-worn castle; I would fain
Have it more wisely tenanted; but stay!
I see some forms far off as mind can trace,
Which please me still—my youthful visions; no!
You seem to me a bright and happy race,
With power to charm; I would not have *you* go,
For I have need of such, if I would bear
With seeming fortitude, the mocking train
Who follow on your footsteps; see them there—
Death, Disappointments, Penury and Pain,
How lengthened their procession! Yet they seem
More dim and shadowy even tho' more near.
Time with his double-dealing blows, I ween,
Has made the breast more callous, the heart sear

With foul ingratitude, (a caustic given
By the world gratis,) that their impress graves
Less deeply on the mind; as billows driven
By adverse winds, soon lose the forms of waves
In surging foam, shapeless and undefined,
Leaving no single image to return,
But a strange phantom of the whole combined—
A thousand troubled atoms blent in one,
Which leave a sadness on the heart,
A crushing load we wisely learn to bear,
'Til custom takes upon itself a part,
As constant use the keenest edges wear.

Life, like most pictures drawn, howe'er it may
Be fraught with gloomy aspects, there is light,
Sketched in the background—an illuming ray
Of sun or stars, to bless the day and night;
A drifting cloud or two, there needs must be,
To make the semblance perfect. Who hath passed,
Even his earlier days of infancy,
But now and then, a shadow hath o'ercast
His little sky, and taught him that to weep,
Is part of every act. But those there are,
Like storm-tossed mariners upon the deep,
Nor chart, nor compass pointing out a haven;
Lost mid a gloom no mortal eye can pierce,
Nor aught save fiery darts impetuous driven
Athwart the lurid sky, so wild and fierce,

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There is no spot whereon the eye can rest,
That wears a pleasing aspect. Such seem born
For the world's target, whose defenseless breasts
Receive her shafts of prejudice and scorn.

My life hath much unrest—yet there have been
Some rays of sunshine chequering the gloom;
Its early morn was calm and bright, and then
There came a cloud's slow, measured pace, ere noon,
And Death was shrouded there. My Mother, thou
Did'st meet his fatal shaft! A little space,
Another cloud arose; impetuous now,
Hurled by the breath of pestilence apace,
One poisonous dart was aimed, alas, too well,
And laid my Father low! A rugged way
My orphan feet must tread, with none to guide
My lonely wanderings; while round me lay
A dreary desolation, far and wide.
Thus life's first drama past. The next reveals
Forms in the distance fair, but nearer seem
Distort and bent with their great weight of ills,
Which I in turn must bear. 'Tis well, I ween,
For wrong and pain have in their goading sting,
A deeper inspiration than is caught
From golden cups at pleasure's shallow spring,
Where mirth and music give no time for thought.

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ON THE DEATH OF A MOTHER AND HER INFANT.

—

From her bosom, cold as clay,
Fold the winding sheet away;
On its mother's icy breast
Lay the little babe to rest.

Smooth the tresses on the brow—
Press their eye-lids closer now—
For "the sleep that knows no waking,"
Child and mother now are taking.

Once she on her baby smiled,
Once she kissed her angel child;
Then away she flew to heaven,
With the cherub God had given.

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It was all too bright and fair
For a world of toil and care;
And a mother's watchful love
Bore it to their home above.

O'er the features of the dead,
Let the winding sheet be spread,
Ere the smile shall fade away
From those pallid lips of clay.

TO A CAGED MOCKING BIRD, ON BOARD THE BUENA VISTA.

Sweet warbler! much I grieve for thee,
Thus doomed in lone captivity
To spend thy days;
No mate thy lonely hours to cheer,
Thy soft fond mimic tones to hear
Or join thy lays.

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Ah! sweeter far thy songs must be,
In thine own native forest free
From prison lone;
Where thy sweet matins would arise
With kindred songsters to the skies,
Light as thine own.

The hissing steam—the engine's noise
Grates sadly with thy merry voice—
Thy joyous lay;
Methinks thy soul must long to be
From these dark prison-bars set free,
Soaring away,

On thy light pinions to some bower,
Where fragrant blooms the tropic flower,
There to be free.
Nature designed thee not to share
With man, vexation, toil and care,
Nor caged to be.

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MY ONLY SISTER.

—

My only sister! say not so,
Has one forever fled?
What mean those sable weeds of wo?
Is sister Anna dead?

My only sister! can it be,
That we are thus bereft?
A few short days and we were three,
Now only two are left.

It is a sad, a solemn thought,
To rend my heart in twain,
That of our household, one will not
Meet with us here again.

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She was the elder of us three,
And since our mother died,
Her watchful care and sympathy
A mother's place supplied.

'Tis sad to think our sister's hearth
Has now a vacant chair—
To know the songs of joy and mirth
Are hushed and silent there.

Oh, who will note each winning way
And words of kindness speak,
Or wipe the sorrowing tears away
From little Hattie's cheek?

The household band is rent in twain,
And sadness marks each face;
Beside the weary couch of pain
There's none to fill her place.

But Death has often passed us by,
Long have we numbered eight;
For since my earliest memory
No hearse has left our gate,

Save when it bore our parents dear
Unto their last long home;
But ah! its solemn wheels, I fear,
Will now more often come.

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For down life's steep declivity
Our hasty footsteps tend;
Full soon death's portals we shall see,
And there our journeys end.

Across the stream of death we'll go
With less of dread and fear,
When on the other side we know
Awaits our sister there.

Why should we mourn that she is done
With pain, and toil, and care?
In heaven a glorious crown she's won,
And we shall join her there.

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LINES

INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. WM. ROCHELLE.

—

Alas, I know now what to write,
About thy baby boy,
Whose winning ways and witching smiles
Fill thy proud heart with joy.
O, shall I praise his dimpled mouth
And rosy cheeks so fair,
Or tell how bright his dark brown eyes
And silken lashes are.

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What tho' his sweet and cherub face
Looks very fair to me,
It has a thousand beauties rare
Thine eyes alone can see.
The image of thy darling child
Engraved upon thy heart,
Would shame alike the poet's praise,
And painter's boasted art.

Sweet Vivian! O, could'st thou know
How much of love is thine,
How sweet affection's fondest hopes
Around thy being twine,
Thy little heart would leap with joy
A parent's smile to see,
When fondled on thy mother's lap,
Or on thy father's knee.

When time shall steal from thy young face
The rose and lily fair,
And give thy cheek a browner tinge,
A darker shade thine hair,
O, may thy mother fondly trace
Upon thy manly brow,
Those lines of purity and love,
That thrill her bosom now.

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LINES

SUGGESTED ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF

MRS. ROCHELLE.

—

Take back those sad, those cruel words,
Which tell me she is dead;
So young, so lovely; can it be
That she from earth is fled!
I loved her as a sister dear,
I prized her for her worth,
And happy were the hours I spent
Beside the social hearth.

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Oft have I gazed upon her face
And felt, I know not why,
That like a fair and fragile flower,
She too, must early die.
Then would a silent prayer be said,
To Him who rules above,
That Vivian might long be spared
A mother's watchful love.

I thought the messenger would come,
On slow and noiseless wing,
And woo the spirit from its clay,
With the soft breath of spring.
'Twere hard e'en thus to part with her;
But ah! to know the dart
Came charged with the foul pestilence,
That still'd her beating heart.

Her cup of joy was not unmixed
With bitter drops of pain;
Her life was like an April day,
With sunshine and with rain.
I know not that I wish her back,
Life's thorny way to tread;
For pain nor sorrow ne'er can mar
The slumbers of the dead.

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WAYSIDE FLOWERS.

I love the little wayside flowers,
So fairy-like and gay;
They shun proud beauty's stately bowers,
And come to cheer our weary hours,
Along life's dusty way.

From out the hedge's shaggy breast,
Beside the fountain deep,
Beneath the wood in verdure dress'd,
Upon the mountain's rugged crest,
The blue-eyed violets peep.

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Where waves the fern, its sable plume,
Upon the lonely heath,
The lily, rich in sweet perfume,
Looks proudly up in speckled bloom,
While daisies smile beneath.

Fair nature spreads in every clime,
A carpet for our feet;
The wild rose and the columbine,
In sylvan arbors sweetly twine,
Above the moss-grown seat.

Spring hath a rich and ample store
Of cowslips for our way;
The grassy lawn is dotted o'er,
Up to the very cottage door,
With dandelions gay.

When summer dons her mantle sheen,
Studded with dewy gems,
Light dancing o'er the meadows green,
The elastic buttercups are seen,
In golden diadems.

Along the crowded thoroughfare,
Where hurrying footsteps meet,
Where the press'd clay is hard and bare,
Springs up the May-weed rankest there,
And fringes all the street.

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Thus, wheresoe'er our feet may stray,
The way-side flower is seen,
To cheer us on our toilsome way,
Where mountains rise or streamlets play,
In wood and meadows green.

But He whose hand hath planted them,
And nursed them into bloom,
Whose care upholds each fragile stem,
Whose love hath painted every gem,
And lent them sweet perfume,

Has shown a love no mortal power
Can ever all explore;—
I'll love the little wayside flower,
That cheers me in my lonely hour,—
But HIM let me adore.

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TO MEMORY.

—

HAIL, MEMORY! thou guardian of the past!
Faithful to all thy charge, tho' Passions crowd
Thy chambers with a heterogeneous mass
Of strangely sculptur'd forms, Pleasure and Pain,
Hope, Fear, Love, Hatred, Envy and Remorse—
Their images may add to the vast group,
Till not a niche untenanted remains
In all life's gallery; tho' it extend
To the full limit of th' appointed years
For man's sojourn below. Thou keepest all.
From his swift circling pinions, Time may shake
Some particles of dust to soften o'er
The stern hard features of ingratitude;
But thy keen gaze and ever busy hand

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Searcheth them out, and drags them forth to be
Companions for our moods.
Years multiply—
We bend and lag beneath their crushing weight;
The out-worn passions—weak and imbecile—
Droop languidly o'er half formed monuments,
So vague and undefined there is no line,
No marked development—no record plain,
To fix the eye; then dost thou wander back,
Far back through winding labarynths of years,
To scenes more bright and more distinctly traced;
A moment pausing, here and there, to lift
The sable pall that wraps some precious form,—
Dropping a tear o'er consecrated dust;
Perchance a sigh bestow on pleasures past—
Mixed substances, we once deemed undefiled,
But proved, alas! the light preludes to pain;
Mid scenes of childhood lingering oft and long
Delighted with its sports, pleased with each toy—
For years to us a second childhood brings;
And thus it is that memory of age
Turns, ever pleased, on youth its yearning gaze.

Have all departed from our ancient halls?
One meagre stroke of the enchanting wand
Re-peoples them with old familiar forms;
Their graves give up their dead, and distant climes
Send back the wanderers; and all are there—

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Even as they were; unscathed by Time's rude hand;
The young are youthful still, and not less fair,
While prime of life still lingers, and three score
Has not the decimal to bow it down;—
Actors the same—the scenery unchanged,
Hill, dale and rock, and rivulet remain,
As when our infant feet chased merrily
The butterfly. Each tree—each blooming shrub,
As erst we sought their shades, and culled the flowers
Obedient to the seasons as they come
Unfold their verdure, blossom, bear, and fade.
The drama, too, the same; the mother holds
Her old accustom'd nook, smiles as she sees
Her household meet when daily toils are o'er,
Around the genial hearth, cheerful and bright;
While from the dusty shelf the father takes
The old worn Book, some favorite passage reads,
Tho' read a hundred times—a hundred times
Imparts new pleasure—then, reverently,
The deep, pure, fervent prayer is offered up
To Heaven's eternal Throne.
Blest memory!
To thy unceasing care do I resign
All thoughts, all feelings, pains and pleasures past;
Though some there are, that I would fain blot out—
Yet, take them all, better some shades of gloom,
Than leave a gaping void.

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TO ALICE.

—

O DO you remember, dear Alice,
The night, when with hearts light and gay,
We met in the thick grove of maples,
Which back of the old homestead lay?

While thy father piled briskly the faggots,
'Neath the kettles that bubbled and steamed;
Filled with clear, melliffluent life-drops
Which from the old maples were drained.

And Flora, escaped from old winter,
Came forth on the whispering breeze,
To woo the young buds that were swelling
On the bows of the dark forest trees.

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Then life, unacquainted with sorrow,
Flow'd smooth as the streamlet along;
And our voices unbroken by weeping,
Rang clear as the cricket's shrill song.

Our footsteps by time lightly ladened,
Seemed in fleetness to rival the fawn;
Scarce leaving their prints in the dew-drops,
That lay on the meadow and lawn.

Ah! well I remember the sorrow,
Thy tear-moistened eye did express,
When a naughty dry twig, without mercy,
Rent widely the skirt of thy dress!

How, silent and sadly thou left us,
In the midst of the game "hide and seek,"
And dejectedly went to thy father,
With the token of grief on thy cheek.

And the look of compassion he gave you,
On seeing your pitiable plight,
As he kindly said, "Don't you think mother
Will scold little Alice to-night?"

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Oh, where are our youthful companions,
Whose bosoms had ne'er known a care,
More lasting than that which an hour
O'ershadowed thy young spirit there?

Ah! why is that homestead so lonely—
Its chambers so silent and still?
No more do the light mocking echoes,
Give back the glad shout from the hill.

Alas! do I hear thee dear Alice!
Bid me search in the cold silent grave,
For four of thy once happy household,
And for one by Pacific's dark wave!

While lonely and sad thou art roaming,
Like the dove, searching vainly for rest;
And with thee there will be no returning,
With the olive of peace on thy breast.

Too deeply has fate's barbed arrow,
Pierced the secret confines of thy heart;
On thy young life has fallen a shadow,
A shadow that may not depart.

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From thy harp comes sweet music so plaintive,
O'er my spirit a sadness it flings;
For I know that thy heart hath a sorrow,
That's breaking its delicate strings.

TO A CHILD ON THE DEATH OF HER MOTHER.

Thy mother "sleeps that sleep which knows no waking;"
Look on her features so serene and pale,
The kindred band their last farewell are taking,
No more shall sorrow, sickness, death, assail.

Digitized by Google

A mother's love perchance thou'lt ne'er remember,
Torn from thee when thou needed most her care;
Exposed to the rude blast so young and tender,
No earthly tie the loss can e'er repair.

God called her early from this earthly dwelling,
To place her 'mid the sacred choir above;
Before His throne her anthems now are swelling,
Praise to the Lamb and His redeeming love!

Thou'rt not alone, one parent yet remaineth;
Long may'st thou know a father's guardian care!
And while thy heart one throb of life retaineth,
O let a mother's name be cherished there.

Her angel spirit still its vigils keeping,
Will guard thy steps through this dark vale below,
And when like her, thou'rt cold and silent, sleeping,
In heaven thy songs in harmony shall flow.

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TO A FRIEND IN ADVERSITY.

—

O, give not up, though fortune smileth not
Upon thy dark and rugged pathway here;
Though cruel wrong be meted to thy lot,
Till the sick soul distils the bitter tear.

O, give not up, though dearest hopes have fled,
And left their place to deep corroding care;
O, give not up, though love's green plant be dead,
Blighted and fallen all its blossoms fair.

O, give not up, though foul suspicion flings
Her tissue dark, above thine honest fame;
And couples with thy name a crime which brings
To thy proud, manly cheek, the blush of shame.

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O, give not up, although the envious frown,
And Falsehood smites thee with her fiendish blow;
Stand firm and live her vile aspersions down,
An upright life will conquer all thy foes.

O, give not up, although the cruel dart,
That makes thy bosom bleed, thy tear-drops flow,
Was sped by one who should have borne a part,
Of life's perplexing cares or sterner woe.

No, give not up, e'en though the world combine,
To heap on thee its crushing wait of blame;
But scorn its malice as that breast of thine,
Must scorn such deeds as virtue should not name.

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THE INVITATION.

—

Come hither, sweet Jenny, and sing thou for me,
Trill thy soft warbling notes to the Mississippi;
I've bowers all gaily entwined for thee now,
Of the climbing wild-rose and the cotton-wood bough.
Then hasten, sweet Jenny, and sing thou for me,
Trill thy soft warbling notes to the Mississippi.

A beautiful carpet is spread for thy feet,
From the great loom of nature, th' design is complete,
Composed of fair flowers, all fragrant and sheen,
And neatly arranged on a soft, wavy green.
Then hasten, sweet Jenny, and sing thou for me,
Trill thy soft warbling notes to the Mississippi.

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Elated I'll bear thy fair form on my breast,
Enchanting thine eye, with bright scenes of the west;
While waves dance to waves in a transport of bliss,
And thy soft coral lips in their ecstacy kiss.
Then hasten, sweet Jenny, and sing thou for me,
Trill thy soft warbling notes to the Mississippi.

The voices of thousands in concert will raise,
To shout thy glad welcome and join in thy praise—
Enraptured will feast on thy beauty and song,
Till the cheer-startled echoes their plaudits prolong.
Then hasten, sweet Jenny, and sing thou for me,
Trill thy soft warbling notes to the Mississippi.

A lay of thy dear father-land I would hear
From thy sweet warbling throat so enchantingly clear,
Till sympathy's tears, flowing free shall unite,
And my old bosom thrill with a sense of delight.
O, hasten, sweet Jenny, and sing thou for me,
Trill thy soft warbling notes to the Mississippi.

The shores of the east, with their dark cedar trees,
So staid, that their leaflets dance not in the breeze,
With solemn applauses, will cloud thy young brow;
O, come then, and sing 'neath the cotton-wood bough.
Yes, come sweetest Jenny, and sing thou for me,
Trill thy soft warbling notes to the Mississippi.

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AMBITION.

—

Ambition, let the weak condemn,
Who fear the race for honor's goal;
I envy not, but pity them
Their aimless, nothingness of soul,
Who have no higher wish in life,
Than breathe and move a little space,
Gazing inactive on the strife,
And dying, leave on earth no trace.

Ambition, let the world despise,
Yet in my heart it hath a shrine,
To emulate the good and wise,
Spurs on each thought, each act of mine.
Let disappointed fools deride,
Who, grasping power they might not sway,
Found, when its aim was misapplied,
It led them in the downward way.

Ambition! yes, I own thy sway
And bow submissive to thy will;
Onward and upward, lead the way;
I'll follow in thy pathway still.
I know thou hast a deep unrest,
Yet for the wealth of India's shore,
I would not drive thee from my breast,
And feel thy presence never more.

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LINES INSCRIBED TO J. W. R.

—

The world so beautiful and bright,
Is darkness all to thee;
The earth may bask in beams of light,
One ray thou can'st not see.
Fair Cynthia leads her glittering train
Along the vaulted sky,
For thee such splendor all is vain—
It cannot glad thine eye.

In vain the lovely buds expand,
Thy moments to beguile,
Tho' loved ones place them in thy hand,
Thou can'st not *feel* them smile.
Nature may spread her mantle fair
Above each shrub and tree,
Or leave the rugged branches bare—
'Tis all the same to thee.

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Thou heedest not the lowering sky,
The lightning's blinding flash,
And only know'st the storm is nigh,
When the deep thunders crash.
To thee the golden orb has set
In everlasting night,
But memory retaineth yet,
The glory of its light.

The welcome smile no more may cheer
Thy loneliness of heart;
No more the sympathetic tear
Shall bid thine own to start.
But friendship's voice awakes a thrill
Of rapture in thy breast,
And mid thy darkness makes thee feel,
Thou art not all unblest.

Oh, no, not all unblest art thou,
For gentle ones are near,
To guard thy clouded path below,
And whisper words of cheer.
The curling lip thou can'st not see,
Thou meet'st no look unkind,
For this I oft may envy thee,
And wish I, too, were blind.

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The bright, the beautiful of earth
  Are faded from thy sight,
But music in thy soul has birth,
  And beams with radiant light.
I hear thee strike thy sweet toned lyre,
  Its symphony prolong,
And listen till the notes expire,
  Enraptured to thy song.

TO ——.

—

When pondering oft upon the past,
  One form intrudes upon my mind;
Not shadowy like, before me cast,
  But with each lineament defined.

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I wonder why it should be so,
  Why thus I see thine image now,
As when I saw thee years ago,
  With youth and manhood on thy brow.

We met! a moment through each vein
  The warm blood rushed with sudden flow,
But at my heart I felt no pain,
  And know not why it trembled so.

For we had never met before,
  And more than friends, might never be;
I know not that I wished thee more,
  But even this they envied me.

I felt no change, but saw thy brow
  Grow colder, and less kind thine eye;
Yet knew not of the cause, but now,
  I know that whispering tongues were nigh.

Then came the hour when we must part,
  When I to distant lands must go;
The blood ran icy, to my heart,
  To see thine own so quiet flow.

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Though years have passed—long years of strife
With fate, since last I looked on thee;
Yet through the chequered scenes of life,
Thy well remembered form I see.

I have had friends who proved unkind;
False friends, unworthy of my care;
And when I trace them on my mind,
They seem dim shadows resting there.

'Tis well, and should be thus with thee,
Thy smiling face, I would it were
On memory's page, less fair to see,
For *now* it should not meet me there.

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AMERICA.

—

AMERICA! fair Freedom's promised land!
When from their homes by persecution driven,
The Pilgrims sought old Plymouth's rocky strand,
To dedicate a new world unto heaven.

Did they, who knelt upon that wave-washed shore,
In their imagination's wildest play,
Dream, ere a few short centuries were o'er
That the old world thy mandates should obey?

O, did they deem it heaven's auspicious smile,
That lay in sunlight on the briny wave!
Or was it that bless'd promise which beguiled,
Mid want and famine, made them strong and brave.

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Could they now view thee in thy stately pride,
Upon thy brow Fame's wreath of glory see,
Hailed by Atlantic's and Pacific's tide,
Master of earth and mistress of the sea;

O, would they deem thee that vast wilderness,
Whose narrow trails the Indian hunter trod,
When nature wore her rich primeval dress,
As first she took it from the hand of God!

Of all the earthborn nations thou art last;
America! child of the mighty west!
Yet jealous eyes are now upon thee cast,
And monarchs tremble at thy wise behest.

To crowded marts and fields of golden grain,
Thy towering forests now have given place;
The iron horse comes snorting o'er the plain,
Almost annihilating time and space.

The proudest banner floating on the breeze,
Which wafts the white winged ships o'er ocean's brine,
'Neath tropic climes or on the polar seas,
Where commerce rides, America, is thine.

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TO MY INFANT BOY IN HEAVEN.

—

Yes, thou art gone, my loved, my darling boy,
To worlds of bliss, to realms of peace and joy;
Thy Saviour snatched thee from my fond embrace,
From earth, to Heaven, an angel throng to grace.

Brief was thy stay, to claim thy parents' care;
Earth held no charm to bind thy spirit here;
And while thy infant soul was free from stain,
God took thee hence, from sorrow, sin and pain.

Thy form so fair, divinely sweet thy face;
Within my heart the likeness there I trace;
Drawn by a mother's love in such deep dyes,
That life seems beaming from thine azure eyes.

I would not call thee back to earth—ah, no!
Thy sinless soul is free from earthly wo:
Oh! let thy memory prove a guiding star,
To lead me to thy blessed home afar.

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ODE TO AUTUMN.

—

Autumn! and art thou here,
With thy bright and happy face?
Winter is close upon thy heel,
But thou hast won the race.

Thy sister in her flight,
Discharged her angry darts;
And are ye come, a comforter,
To heal the broken hearts?

Thy mild and pleasant breath,
Thy smile the spirit charms;
Thou bearest health upon thy wings,
And plenty in thine arms.

Hast thou no power to raise
The mourner's drooping head?
Can'st thou not heal the broken hearts,
Who mourn the lost—the dead?

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The *pestilence* hath passed,
Thousands have kissed the rod;
Oh! may the mourner's contrite heart
Cast all its cares on God!

His hand has sped the shaft,
His hand the wound can heal;
Then let us in submission bow
To His Almighty will.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

There is a cavern deep, in Britain's isle
Where prying strangers oft the hours beguile,
Groping their rugged way through spacious halls,
Where glittering crystals sparkle on the walls—
Threading each labarynth with studious care,
'Neath arching roofs, and columns strange and rare;
Where gems of many forms and borrowed hue
Gleam in the torch-light, beautiful to view.

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Once, in that cave, two gentle beings stood,
To gaze on nature in her wildest mood.
Of matchless beauty was the maiden fair;
Her eyes outshone the gems which sparkled there.
The youth was scarce less beautiful, but now
A shade of sadness rested on his brow;
He gazed upon the scene, but saw it not—
The maiden's smile alone, his vision caught.

Oft had he scanned her fair and glowing cheek,
And owned a love his tongue must never speak,
Which, like a vulture, preyed upon his heart,
Defying Time, and Pride's all-healing art.
She knew his love, but in her bosom beat
No answering cord his burning glance to meet,
And deemed his passion as an idle dream,
Or, like the bubble on a troubled stream.

They now approached a stream that found its way
Deep in that cavern, where the light of day
Ne'er shone upon it, and no breath of air
E'er curled the wave that calmly slumbered there.
A fairy barque the crystal streamlet bore,
Which must convey them to the distant shore.
To 'scape the pendant rocks, while bending low,
Her balmy breath suffused his cheek and brow.

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Who shall describe the pulse's ebb and swell,
When he who felt them found no words to tell
All, all the fierce wild rapture of his breast,
As to his own, the maiden's cheek was prest?
Of all the passions that the human soul
Is made to feel, or feeling, to control,
Love beareth sway, and ever must remain
The strongest, firmest, wildest of the train.

Love unrequited! who the mockery knows
That has not felt thy sting? Or who shall paint thy woes?
The secret fire that preys upon the heart
Till hope and happiness alike depart,
Leaving a vacuum naught can ever fill,
Save the sad memories which linger still.
Sad memories, that time cannot efface,
Nor madness from the burning brain erase.

How strange! so young, so wayward, he should feel
That depth of passion, which his words reveal;
Which darkened his high soul and quenched love's fire.
Though kindled oft, as often would expire;
As some fair form would cause a transient thrill
To move his heart, then all again was still.
Thus changing, and yet changeless to the last,
As the deep sea that answers to the blast.

Digitized by Google

LAND OF THE PILGRIMS.

LAND of the Pilgrims! my dear native home!
With thy frost-breathing clime and thy mantle of snow!
Amid thy loved valleys no more may I roam,
To list thy light water-falls murmuring low.

Thy rock-steepled hills, never more may my feet
Unwearied ascend; nor at close of the day,
Along thy green meadows where dancing rills meet,
To gather bright butter-cups, carelessly stray.

Farewell to thy mountains, which proudly look down
One the vales, where the hamlets in quiet repose!
Farewell to thy lakes, and thy fields of renown,
Where the bright star of freedom in splendor arose!

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'Neath skies more resplendent, a home I have found,
Where nature has planted her gayest parterre;
Where the rose-girdled seasons go smilingly round,
Profusely dispensing the wealth that they bear.

Where the towering cedars wave high in the air,
Their evergreen plumes, as the sea breezes blow;
And the moss-mantled oak, with a matronly care,
Shades the calm, quiet stream that is sleeping below.

Methinks lovely Teche, that thy skies are as bright,
As those that look down on fair Italy's strand;
That the sun, as it sets in its glory at night,
Gilds as brightly the banners that float o'er our land.

Digitized by Google

A SOUTHERN SUNSET.

I've gazed on many sunset scenes,
Beneath a northern sky;
Seen hill and dale and meadows green,
In golden vestments lie—
And traced upon the horizon's verge,
Where lay the clouds of even,
Horsemen and chariots flying fast,
Before the hosts of heaven!

With cap and shield of burnished gold,
And gorgeous mantles flung
About their forms, the last rich gift
Of the departing sun.
But never did a scene so fraught
With beauty, meet my eye,
As one unfolded to my gaze,
Beneath a southern sky.

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It seemed a silver tapestry
  Of slightest texture woven,
From east to west, from north to south,
  O'erhanging all the heaven;—
The broidery was of finest gold,
  Tinged with carnation bright—
So beautiful that heaven alone
  Could hold the archetype.

Where the fair goddess of the morn
  Had sought her quiet rest,
Was hung its deep and richest folds,
  And fringed adown the west.
I gazed enraptured on the scene,
  Till all its beauties fled—
The cloud hung there, but ghastly pale,
  And soulless as the dead.

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THE WAY TO HONOR AND HAPPINESS.

—

Would'st thou rise to hónored greatness?
Truth and labor point the way.
Write thy motto—"Perseverance;"
Hope will ever be thy stay.
Firm resolve and noble action,
Level mountains to a plain;
Should'st thy earlier efforts fail thee,
Ne'er despair, but "try again."

When misfortune overtakes thee,
Bow to her submissively,—
Lower to the earth she'll crush you,—
Spurn her—she will bow to thee.
Waste no time in vain repinings
O'er thy fate, however hard;
If it be thy lot to labor,
Labor brings a sure reward.

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When above thy task thou'rt bending,
Blush not for thy humble birth;
Upright principles maintaining,
Thine is more than conqueror's worth.
Be it in the field or forum,
In the workshop or the mill,
Care not—either great or lowly,
It will bring thee honor still.

Should contempt, with jewelled finger,
Point at thine, with labor stained,
Stand erect, her false pride scorning,
In thine honest pride sustained.
Birth is but the empty casket,
Worth the brilliant gem it bore;
Wealth descended may bring honors,
Self earned competence bring more.

Greatness is alone dependant
On its self sustaining powers,
Comes to us from none descendant,
None can e'er inherit ours.
Man, on ancestors reliant
For his wealth or noble name,
Like the bird in borrowed plumage,
Has at best, a doubtful fame.

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Yet no more of earthly treasure
Seek, than modest wants demand;
When the mind on gold is centered,
Then it ceases to expand.
And a surplus weight, tho' gilded,
Clogs the wing that fain would soar;—
Earn a noble independence;
Be content nor wish for more.

THINK OF ME.

Where gay birds in concert singing,
Vocal make each woodland bower;
Where the amorous breezes linger,
Kissing every leaf and flower;
Where the Wabash slowly windeth
Down the valley silently;
There, when smiling friends are round thee,
Wilt thou give a thought to me?

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At the calm and tranquil hour,
When the busy day is done;
When the earth lies half in shadow,
Half emblazoned with the sun,
And the golden tints are fading
From the hill-top and the tree,
As the gathering twilight thickens,
Wilt thou think, dear friend, of me?

When the silent moon is sailing
On a sea of liquid blue,
And night, from her starry mantle,
Shakes the glittering drops of dew,
Down upon the lawn and meadow,
On each little leaf and flower,
Till they bend in silent worship,
Think of me in that still hour?

Scarce the hand of friendship bindeth
Round our heart its golden chain,
Ere some cruel chance, opposing,
Parts our sunny path again,
But kind memory, true and faithful,
Treasures up each gentle tone,
Which comes stealing through the shadows,
When we silent muse alone.

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In this vale of care and sorrow,
I may never see thee more;
But I'll meet thee, dear Matilda,
On that brighter, happier shore;
And though far from thee I'm sailing,
Down life's tempest broken sea,
When the eve star watch is keeping,
I will fondly think of thee.

LINES

Suggested on hearing one remark, that, although he had lost his sight, yet he would not give up todie.

Great God! who rules the earth and skies,
And doeth all Thy will;
To Thee I turn my sightless eyes,
And trust Thy mercies still.

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Tho' never more to bless my sight
Appear the earth and sky;
Tho' life be now an endless night,
I'll give not up to die!

But bear thy dispensation, Lord!
And own thy wise behest,
Tho' heavy falls thy chast'ning rod,
I know 'tis for the best.

What tho' the beautiful of earth,
No more my heart rejoice,
I'll pleasure seek in deeds of worth,
And in sweet friendship's voice.

My soul shall bask in heavenly beams
Of wisdom from above;
Whence, from the sun of glory beams
The light of truth and love.

There's something still for me to do,
Tho' darkness round me lie;
Oh, let me to the trust be true,
Nor give me up to die.

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LABOR.

—

Rising in the morning
From a restless sleep,
With dull languor yawning,
Out at the window peep;
Frowning if 'tis cloudy,
Sighing if the sun
Is far on his journey,
And breakfast not begun.
O labor, hard labor,
I have learned from you,
That sleeping late of mornings
Will never—never do.

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Dressing in a hurry,
  Never heeding looks,
Toilets are for ladies,
  Not for belated cooks;
Putting on the kettle,
  And coffee in the urn,
O'er the fizzing fire,
  That won't be made to burn.
O labor, hard labor,
  I have learned from you,
That we have need for patience,
  And perseverance too.

Voices of the morning
  Breaking all repose,
Getting up the children,
  Putting on their clothes,
Fixing things in order
  Up and down the stairs,
Sweeping out the parlor,
  And dusting off the chairs.
O labor, hard labor,
  I have learned from you,
How our cares do multiply,
  Before the day is through.

Sweating o'er the cook-stove,
  That red hot is made,

Digitized by Google

Though the thermometer
Tells ninety in the shade.
Many irons in the fire
Attention claim at once;
And if either of them burn,
We're thought a stupid dunce.
O labor, hard labor,
I look with sympathy,
Upon the poor weary one
That's bound for life to thee.

Bolting down the dinner,
Lying pains in store,
For the yeast is coming,
And threatens to run o'er;
Bending o'er the table,
Making bread and pies,
From the fruit and sugar
Driving off the flies.
O labor, hard labor,
I have learned to know
How you irritate the nerves,
And cloud the aching brow.

When the supper's over
And setting the sun,
Cross and fretful children
Washing one by one;

Digitized by Google

When the weary wee ones
  Their sleepy lids do close,
Stitching by candle light
  Till dim the eye-sight grows.
O labor, hard labor,
  I have learned that you
Take the poetry from life,—
  From matrimony too.

LAFAYETTE.

With reverence speak that honored name
  To Freedom ever dear;
And o'er the memory of the dead
  Let fall a grateful tear.

Digitized by Google

Methinks no country but the free,
Within its breast should hold
Thine ashes, Lafayette! who gave
Your army and your gold,

To drive the invader from our soil,
To plant the stars and stripes;
And plume the Eagle's fearless wing,
To mount the solar heights.

No despot's feet should e'er profane
That hallowed spot of earth;
None but a freeman's lips should read
The lines which speak thy worth.

Thy name will sacred live for aye
Within each patriot's breast;
Next to Columbia's bravest sons,
We love thine own the best.

Upon our history's page 'twill stand,
With those of high renown,
And from the father to the son,
Be proudly handed down.

Digitized by Google

WHEN LIFE WAS GILT WITH FANCY'S BEAM.

—

When life was gilt with Fancy's beam,
One crossed my joyous way,
Fair as young love's first-golden dream,
But transient as its stay.
Youth's kindling hopes grew clear and bright
Beneath his soul-lit eye,
But, ah! 't was like a meteor's light,
Upon an evening sky.

He came from that sweet land of song,
Beyond the deep, deep sea,
Where flows the crystal waves along,
Of bonny Doun and Dee,
And sought amid our valleys fair,
A bright and sunny bower,
Where to transplant with tender care,
A sweet young Scottish flower.

Digitized by Google

He knew not of the stranger germ,
That warmed beneath his smile,
But thought alone on that fair flower,
In Caledonia's isle.
He knew not of the night that came,
The night so dark and drear,
When from his lips sweet Jenny's name,
First fell upon my ear.

LINES INSCRIBED TO J. W. AND M. H. RICHARDSON.

"WEEP NOT!" how idle are the words!
When from the household band,
Some dear loved form is snatched away
By death's relentless hand.
Does nature teach us not to weep,
When through the forest sear
The autumn winds sigh mournfully,
For the departing year.

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Four times the cruel shaft was sped,
  Which made thy tears to flow,
While yet the year went circling round,
  With its great weight of woe.
A father and an offspring dear,
  And brothers too were slain,
It was a bitter cup indeed
  Thy lips were made to drain.

O, it is hard to part with those
  We love and cherish here;—
To wrap the shroud around the form,
  And lay it on the bier!
Night comes to us in loneliness,
  And memory's dawn appears
With nought to soothe the yearning heart,
  But memory and tears.

That babe! it was not thine to keep,
  But sent to win your love;
And lift the thoughts from things of earth,
  To better things above.
Thou hast, in heaven, a beacon star,
  To fix thy longing eyes,
For little Howard shineth there,
  An angel in the skies.

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NO LETTER HERE FOR THEE!

'Tis said Pandora's ample box,
Our numerous ills contained;
Hate, Envy, Jealousy, Revenge,
With all their motley train;
But heathen gods, and heathen dames,
From this dire evil free,
They heard no postman grumbling say,
"No letter here for thee!"

In those old days—those by-gone days,
Thrice bless'd and smiled upon,
No anxious crowd impatient wait,
Whene'er the mail had come;
Heedless of storm or biting blast,
Or mud half to the knee,
Until they heard the postman say,
"No letter here for thee!"

Digitized by Google

A wife or maid in dishabille,
  Skulks through the thronged street,
In hopes to shun the quizzing gaze
  Of friends she's sure to meet;
When out of breath she gains the door,
  Flushed with expectancy,
Oh God! what agony to hear,
  "No letter here for thee!"

This is not all—the ominous words
  With sadness fill the heart;
And fears, we know not well of what,
  Make silent tears to start.
O! give me ills, all other ills,
  I care not what they be,
But only let the postman say,
  "A letter here for thee!"

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WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

—

Fair Potomac! thy waters flow
Majestic by his tomb,
And there the modest violets grow;
And ope their purple bloom;
And pilgrims turn aside with care,
That hallowed ground to tread,
And offer up a fervent prayer,
Beside his lowly bed.

'Tis not Columbia's sons alone
To Vernon's tomb repair;
For hands from many climes are known
To scatter roses there;
And gaze with reverence on the stone
Which names the noble dead;
It is that he was great, alone,
Such homage now is paid.

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O, why do thousands seek that spot,
Who cross Atlantic's wave,
From other climes, where sleeps forgot,
The conqueror in his grave!
Go, each recording page unbind,
Of old or recent date,
Then say if midst them thou canst find
A name so *good* and great.

Yes, go unroll the scroll of fame,
Mark well its written page,
A thousand conquerors it will name
For one that's truly sage;
Then marvel not that stranger feet
Seek out Mount Vernon's shade,
For in that calm and blest retreat
Our country's sire is laid.

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CHRIST WEEPING OVER JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM! Jerusalem so beautiful and fair,
How oft would I have gathered thee beneath my guardian care;
I loved thee for thy comeliness, I weep to know thy fall,
Thy palaces and Temple, a heap of ruin all.

Thou would'st not hearken to my voice, thy sins have sealed thy fate,
Thy city shall in ruins lie, thy homes be desolate;
In vain I cried to spare thee, thou heeded not my prayer,
Thy domes and costly dwellings shall be the wild beast's lair.

Ye slew the holy prophets, and believest not on me.

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For thy dark crimes and faithlessness this woe is unto thee;
Now from thy hand shall be required the blood of good men slain,
From the son of Barachias unto him who fell by Cain.

Thou'st sacrificed to idols, thou hast denied the Lord,
The famine and the pestilence shall be thy mete reward;
Upon this generation the heavy curse shall fall,
And there be some now standing here shall witness unto all.

Thy remnant shall be scattered o'er every land and sea,
Despised alike on every shore, for none shall welcome thee;
Thy name, a by-word, and reproach to every tongue be given,
And oft by persecution's rage, be wandering outcasts driven.

The heathen shall possess them of thy over favored lands,
The christian shall not mark the spot where now thy Temple stands,
For not a stone shall there be left a record unto thee;
Thy cities, and thy fertile plains, a barren field shall be.

Digitized by Google

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

—

A wayward fancy crossed my teeming brain,
Such as do from the restless bosom rise,
It was the wish to see thy face again,
And gaze into the blue depths of thine eyes;

To hear that voice whose melody could send
A thrill of joy vibrating through the frame;
And know if one who was thy early friend
Among past memories has yet a name.

It was a foolish wish, idle as vain,
For memory had scarcely served thee now
To trace my features, Time so deep hath lain
His care-worn furrows on my cheek and brow;

And there are minds that cannot bear the thought—
(And mine is one of that unhappy cast)—
Of a cold greeting, of being forgot
By those remembrance brings up from the past.

Digitized by Google

I love sweet Fancy, the fair, false ideal,
Who paints her visions beautiful to see.
Cheating the mind of the too painful real,
Like the green ivy round the time-scathed tree.

The images of early friends so dear
Which long I've cherished with a jealous care,
Embalmed in memory's consecrated tear,
O! I would keep them lovely as they were.

And thine, untouched by the rude hand of time,
I would not have one feature now re-cast,
But see thee still in manhood's early prime,
Standing erect as when I saw thee last.

Yes, I would see thine azure eyes undimmed,
Where soul-light beamed in every changing ray,
Not with the form bowed down, nor palsied limb,
Thy brow deep furrowed, nor thy dark locks grey.

No, let thine image as it is remain,
Let me believe the fancy's picture true;
To know thee changed would give my bosom pain,
Tho' it were sweet old friendship to renew.

Digitized by Google

TO A FRIEND ON HIS WEDDING DAY.

—

So thou hast found a maiden fair
With loving heart and true,
To share thy joys and sorrows
Life's toilsome journey through.
With such a kind and gentle mate
To sail o'er life's rough sea,
Hope's beaming star above you,
Thy voyage must pleasant be.

When friendship meets us on our way
And grasps us by the hand,
It makes the kind and generous heart
With sympathy expand;
But when the warmer passion melts
Two loving hearts in one,
The raptured soul exalted feels
The bliss of heaven begun.

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Few in this world of care and strife
  Congenial spirits meet,
Whose harps are tuned to sweet accord,
  Whose hearts in union beat.
If such a happy lot be thine,
  Thou art more truly blest
Than he who sits upon a throne
  In regal purple drest.

Thy cup of joy so nearly full,
  The lovely prize possessed,
Why should vague fears disturb the mind,
  Or doubtings fill the breast?
Let sweet Content and Constancy
  Thy portals ever guard,
A life of happiness and peace
  Will be thy sure reward.

Should disappointment's crushing weight
  Be ever thine to bear,
Until upon thy brow is traced
  Deep lines of anxious care,
Do not repine, nor deem thou hast
  More than thy share of ill;
But look around and thou wilt find
  Some wight more wretched still.

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Then learn that fate has not reserved
The darkest side for thee,
That caring for another's woes
Thine own will lighter be.
The sun reflects a brighter ray
That smiles on dripping flowers—
So words that cheer another's heart
Add pleasure unto ours.

He who seeks happiness on earth
And hopes the prize to gain,
Must seek it not in golden mines,
Nor pleasure's giddy train;
Where Fashion's heartless votaries kneel
Trust not the gem to find—
It dwells alone with Truth and Love
In a contented mind.

I would that sorrow ne'er may come
Thy happiness to blight—
That Hope's bright star may never set
In disappointment's night;
That each new day of wedded life
May to new joys give birth,
While Peace and Plenty smiling sit
Around thy genial hearth.

Digitized by Google

THE SOUL'S QUESTIONINGS.

Sister, in that home celestial,
Where the holy angels are,
Have ye not met our sainted mother,
Have ye met our father there?
Softly whisper,
Angel sister,
Have ye met our parents there?

Does thy spirit all immortal,
Roam the fields of paradise,
Or beside the golden portal,
Cast to earth its longing eyes,
Fondly yearning,
Anxious turning,
To the loved of earth thine eyes?

Are the heavenly angels keeping
Gentle vigils constantly;
On the orphaned ones now weeping,
Dost thou look with sympathy?
Tell me softly,
Sister, softly,
Does my mother watch o'er me?

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In that land beyond the river,
Where the earth-freed spirits go,
Is there peace and joy forever,
Is there nought of pain or woe?
Tell me truly,
Sister, truly,
Is there nought of pain or woe?

When the soul is hence departing,
Rending earthly ties away,
Does the angels gentle harping,
Woo the spirit from the clay?
O'er life's border,
Through the shadow,
Does it joyful wing its way?

Heed the anxious spirit's yearning,
Hear the soul's deep, earnest prayer,
Ever striving, ever turning
Upward for the unknown there.
Softly whisper,
Angel sister,
The deep secret hidden there.

Digitized by Google

GOD'S LOVE.

—

Behold in all that God hath made,
The vastness of his love:—
The forest with its green arcade,
The birds that wanton in the glade,
The brilliant orbs above.

Earth's carpet, yielding as we tread,
With rich embroidery,
Of violets in there mossy bed,
The lily with its drooping head
And roses fair to see.

Love woos us gently in the breeze,
And in the mumuuring rill;—
It fans us 'neath the spreading trees,
And rocks us on the briny seas,
And bids the storm be still.

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The fancy sketches painted there,
Upon the clouds above,—
The rainbow hues so bright and fair,
The token of Almighty care,
Are dyed in heavenly love.

Thus all above and all around,
And all beneath our feet,—
Where reaches visions utmost bound,
Earth, air, and ocean, all profound,
The love of God repeat.

Digitized by Google

AND YET I KNOW I HAVE A HEART.

—

THAT I am but a *woman*,
A very plain one, too;
That garments rather coarse I wear,
I know is very true;
With features somewhat hardened
By toil and anxious care,
And that my hard and brawny hands
The frugal meals prepare,
That humble was my parentage—
My father gained the bread
By toiling late and early
That all his children fed,
And added to the other *sins*,
Is that of poverty,
And yet I know I have a heart
Just where a heart should be.

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I know I cannot boasting say
I never kneaded bread,
Or washed a pocket handkerchief
Till after I was wed;
That garments plain and useful
My fingers never wrought,
Nor that a twenty dollar hat
For me each month was bought;
Nor boast I learned to waltz, or play
On the pianoforte;
Of parties balls and boarding schools
Nor nothing of the sort;
Greek, French and Latin languages
Are mysteries to me.
And yet I know I have a heart
Just where a heart should be.

No *lady-like* accomplishments
Were ever mine to boast,
I've fearless fronted pigs and cows,
And think I could a ghost;
I never screamed, nor fainted
When a spider met my sight,
Nor from a little silly mouse
Ran off in pale affright;
I own I ne'er o'er novels
My nightly vigils kept,

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And wept while I had tears to weep
When other people slept.
To waste on visionary ills
I have no sympathy,
And yet I know I have a heart
Just where a heart should be.

I never deemed that poverty
Should honest folks disgrace,
Nor that 'twas right, on credit,
To dress in silks and lace;
I never thought that labor should
Make any one ashamed,
Nor that for uncouth manners
The rustic should be blamed;
Gainst want and sorrow's pleading voice
My heart I ne'er could steel;
E'en for a suffering insect
I can some pity feel.
For all the *real* woes of life
I've tears of sympathy,
And thus I know I have a heart
Just where a heart should be.

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MY YOUTH HAS FLED.

My youth has fled and care has set
  Its signet on my brow,
Once each dark tress was glossy jet,
  So thin and silvered now.
Yet deem it not the frost of time
  That made my locks so sear;
My life has scarcely reached its prime,
  If measured by the year.

Divided, as the seasons are,
  In Lapland's dreary clime,
There, spring unfolds no flow'rets fair,
  And none has bloomed in mine.
My summer days, so few and brief,
  Scarce felt one genial ray,
Ere autumn, with its yellow leaf,
  Had met me on the way.

Even now I feel cold winter's breath
  In fitful gusts sweep by;
Soon, in the arms of icy death,
  Forgotten I must lie.
Away, fond hope! Oh! let me tear
  Thine emblem from my brow,—
'Tis more befitting I should wear
  A wreath of cyprus now.

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LONELINESS.

—

What if the sky is clear and bright,
The earth all radiant with its light;
What though fair flowers around us bloom
And scent the air with sweet perfume;
And brightest birds in accents clear
Pour their soft music on the ear?
They give no pleasure to the mind
That seeks communion with its kind—
Some kindred spirit, generous, free,
Alive to kindly sympathy,
Who in the book can worth discover
Without the gilt upon the cover.

Would'st bid the panting spirit dwell
Within its lone and narrow cell,
Whose ardent longing is to find
Friendship congenial to the mind,
Its sweetest pleasure to impart
Joy to the sorrow-stricken heart?
Seek, rather, the bold bird to tame
Whose home is heaven's wide domain;
Or stay the wild, impetuous rill
That leaps adown the steepy hill;

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Or in Vesuvius' molten pyre,
To smother its volcanic fire!

To dwell amid the crowd who wield
Formality, for sword and shield,
Whose cool indifference and stare
Make up the welcome stranger's share,
Seems less desirable to me
Than Selkirk's isle amid the sea.
I might *buy* friendship, had I gold—
(Its *shade*, the *substance* ne'er was sold)—
And calls, with every formal grace,
Precise in time, in length, and place;
But what were all such forms to me,
Without a generous sympathy!

It is a narrow, selfish mind
That can its world of pleasure find
Within itself, and never strays
For friendly cheer nor worthy praise,
That heeds nor Want nor Sorrow's moan,
But soothes and feeds itself alone.
Not for the wealth of India's shore,
Would I have mine thus crusted o'er,
And feel no thrill of ecstacy
A friendly smile or tear to see—
To know, when Death shall end the strife,
That none were happier for my life.

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LOVE'S CONFESSION.

FAIREST maiden, to thy keeping
No fond secret I confide;
When my heart is wildest beating,
Thou art nearest to my side.

For thy gentle presence thrills me
With a joy intensely deep,
And my thoughts are ever with thee
In my waking and my sleep.

Could I hope the music swelling
In my soul accords with thine,
And the thoughts thy bosom thrilling
Were in unison with mine.

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Then farewell to care and sorrow;
Doubts should haunt my breast no more;
From thy smile my heart would borrow
Peace and joy forevermore.

The bright ray of soul-light beaming
From the azure of thine eyes,
And thy voice so soft and winning,
Bids fond hope exulting rise.

Sometimes o'er my spirit's sadness
Comes a soothing melody,
Thrilling every chord with gladness—
Art thou dreaming then of me?

Tho' my sentence be to leave thee,
We can never, never part;
Where I go thou wilt be with me,
Living ever in my heart.

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THE AUTUMN OF MY HEART.

—

A COMPANION FOR THE SPRINGTIME OF THE HEART.

—

My heart is in its autumn,
Old winter's icy breath
Has chilled its fairest flowers,
And laid them low in death,
Few flowers of friendship linger,
Love's roses all are dead,
And life's bleak rugged pathway,
With thorns is interspread.

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The summer's breath has wither'd
The bloom my cheek once bore,
And Autumn's hand is ready
To gather in his store.
No blossom has been watered
By kind affection's dew,
But all have felt the world's cold frown,
All lost their roseate hue.

My heart is in its autumn,
Its bright dreams all are o'er,
And fancy's gilded rainbow
Illumes my sky no more.
Fond hopes I long have cherished,
Now one by one depart,
And clouds and tempest darken
The sunshine of my heart.

My heart is in its autumn,
Slow flags its stream of life,
No more its flowers are blooming
With pleasant odors rife.
True, in some pleasant hour,
Hope feels a kindling ray,
But when I look around me,
All, all have passed away!

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THE DREAM.

—

I HAD a dream! Times, as they were, appeared
Before my sleeping fancy, all arrayed
In stark old fashioned comeliness.
I saw the maiden busy at her wheel,
Or through the warp in brilliant colors dyed,
Fast ply the shuttle; happy at the task.
There too, I saw the mother in her place;
A frightful rent, an urchin's late mishap,
Gaped wide before her. Soon her skilful hand
Had made the garment 'most as good as new.'
Economy, a virtue in those days,
The house-wife reverenced. And visiting
Forbade not industry! There sat a friend,
Who entered unannounced, knitting in hand,
Her clean sheck apron folded scrupulously,
An index of the heart. No waste of time,

Digitized by Google

Or bread burned to a cinder, dinner spoiled,
Had followed on her coming. Cheerfully,
All gathered round the board the daughter filled
With plain substantial food—without the aid
Of cook book, or confectioner. They spake
That which they meant, in quaint old-fashioned words,
Which seemed not inconsistent with the times.
No taunting show of finery displayed
To banter strife, or envy. Formality,
Intruded not her heartless presence there,
Congealing friendship with her icy breath,
And blighting social intercourse.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream,"
I saw the wheel, as useless, cast aside,
Midst the old rubbish of the garret loft.
The loom exchanged for a pianoforte,
Nicely attuned to nerves so sensitive,
The harsh discordant buzz of the old wheel,
Must have unstrung them quite. Fairy hands
Swept the smooth ivory keys so gracefully,
I could have vouched they never were designed,
For the rude contact of a cooking stove.
The mother's nook now tenantless appeared;
She in the kitchen toiled the livelong day,
While the fair daughter thrum'd a favorite waltz;
A sad accompaniment for aching limbs.

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'Twere madness now for housewife to display
The yawning rent; 'tis therefore let remain,
'Till past redemption. Economy,
If called to aid consumption of the purse,
Must give relief where none might tell the tale.
So delicate the public mind had grown,
The heart must callous be that dare offend,
Its modesty with vulgar sights; or let
Necessity from her smooth covering peep.
To startle—Friendship, shall I say?
Nay! friendship so with interest combined,
'Twas deemed an IGNIS FATUUS of the brain,
Which had no being in this universe.

"My dream was past," and I awoke to find,
The idle fancies of a restless sleep,
Verging upon reality.

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